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# The Pacific

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., DECEMBER 28, 1892.

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FOR THE PACIFIC.

"Oh Death, Where is Thy Sting?"

"We all banish the image of death out of our souls as the Silesians, on Laetere Sunday, cast it out of the cities."—*Jean Paul Richter.*

Death comes to all; aye, all must die; The high, the low, the rich, the poor, Know well that his decrees are sure. The monarch on his throne the summons hears, And lo! his soul is filled with horrid fears At thought of death; but tell me why?

In youth we strive, yet strive in vain To banish death, and drink our fill From Pleasure's sparkling fount, until We sometimes think this fount of joy will flow Forevermore; and still full well we know Death binds us with a cruel chain.

The merchant counting o'er his gold Which his own hands have gathered in Through earnest toil—amid the din And tumult of the ever-passing throng— Would banish death, and yet he knows ere long The King of Terrors he'll behold.

Oh, mortal man! why shrink at death? Why dread the darkness and the gloom That gathers round the silent tomb? Why shrink ye from the coffin and the shroud, When Christ, who conquered death, himself hath bowed To death with his expiring breath?

"Oh Grave! where is thy victory?" now? Oh tell me, Death! "where is thy sting?" Death hath no sting if we but cling Close to the cross on which the Saviour died, Behold his bleeding hands and flowing side, The blood-dyed crown upon his brow! Eagle Harbor, Wash. A. F. Grow.

FROM ROME NORTHWARD.—III.

BY REV. H. V. ROMINGER.

In going from Venice to Vienna, the capital of Austria, there is a long and wearisome journey of eighteen hours by rail, but affording opportunity for magnificent scenery through the Semmering pass and among the Austrian Alps. When we pass from Italy into Austria, we leave the Latin countries and people, and come among the Germans, the race whose blood and brains have done so large a share of the world's hard work.

Italy is a land full of soldiers, uniforms and military show, and the people are ground down in poverty to maintain a vast military force. The spectacle of Europe to-day is that of an armed camp. We live in the closing hours of the nineteenth century, and boast of our civilization and Christianity; yet never before, since the birth of the religion of peace and love, did Christian nations spend more money in organized methods of war and destruction. These million hordes of armed soldiers of Christendom do not represent progress and civilization, but rather barbarism and savagery. This state of things cannot be the final end of the civilization of our age, but must only be a temporary state and transition to something higher and better. In Austria, as in Italy, it is soldiers everywhere, in the country and in the towns. In Vienna, as in Berlin, that which strikes your eye in the streets are the huge dingy buildings, occupied by garrisons, guard-houses and sentry-boxes, and soldiers marching about and presenting arms every minute.

Europe to-day praises peace armed for war. But apart from these considerations, Vienna, the Austrian capital, is one of the most interesting cities in Europe. It has a much more attractive situation, and is far more picturesque than Berlin, with large and handsome modern buildings, streets and parks, not excelled by any European capital. Morally, it is almost as corrupt as Berlin, which is perhaps the most immoral city in Christendom.

The city has grown immensely in late years, until it now numbers a million and a quarter or more inhabitants. The city has spread out in all directions, with great avenues, and squares, and parks, chief among which is the Prater, where the great exposition of 1873 was held, and where some of the buildings still stand. It is a park of vast extent (2,000 acres), and is the great popular resort of Vienna, where all classes, from the Emperor and nobility down, come for recreation and amusement. In the matter of magnificent parks and well-kept streets, our American cities are far behind those of Europe, although we pay much larger taxes for our municipal government than do the people of European cities. Vienna is not only a city of external beauty and luxury; it is also a city of culture and refinement, the intellectual as well as political capital of Austria. Its University, established in 1365, is now attended by 6,000 students, and the medical faculty enjoys a world-wide reputation. Besides, there are many other schools and scientific institutions. The picture-galleries and the immense museums of Vienna are second to none other in Europe. Austria is an ancient, proud monarchy; but of late it has passed through terrible trials. The Emperor, bereft of children, and with no one worthy to bear his name and be his

successor, is perhaps the most wretched man in Europe; like the figure of some ancient Greek tragedy, solitary, alone and desolate, waiting the end, with black storms gathering around his last days. The Hofburg, the Imperial residence, is a vast complex of buildings of all dates, epochs and styles. The imperial stables, with hundreds of blooded horses, and pomp of stately equipages, are one of the sights of Vienna.

But there is one thing in the Imperial Library of 400,000 volumes and 20,000 manuscripts which is of great interest to every English-speaking person, and to every Protestant, and that is a collection of the writings, in manuscript, of John Wicliff—the great English scholar and reformer. We might be puzzled at first to explain the presence here, in this Roman Catholic capital of the most Roman Catholic country in Europe, of these writings of an English reformer and heretic. But Austria has to-day incorporated in her heterogeneous empire the little kingdom of Bohemia, which once played a great part in history, at the close of the Middle Ages, as the intellectual leader of Europe, and a burning and shining light of Protestantism before the Reformation. This little kingdom lies like a fortress in the heart of the European Continent—isolated by a wall of surrounding mountains. If you were to look upon an historical map, representing the Europe of the Middle Ages, no obvious relation would be suggested as existing between the island of Great Britain and this little State in the heart of Continental Europe. But the isolation of Bohemia among the mountains, and the isolation of Great Britain among surrounding waters, have a resemblance and a connection, and to this natural situation of countries the world owes some of its progress and civilization. The national and the patriotic spirit was developed in both these countries about the same time. The people demanded a Bible in their own language, and John Wicliff made the first straight English translation in 1381, and the same thing was done in the Bohemian language for the people of Bohemia a few years before. In both countries the liberation of the Scriptures produced the same result. And with all this, the mountains roundabout Bohemia and the waters roundabout England had very much to do. Both were accessible enough to all that was good, useful and improving, and yet both were so far secluded by nature as to encourage the patriotic purpose of maintaining and cherishing their own proper character, customs and institutions. John Wicliff, the learned professor at the University of Oxford, in England, at the close of the 14th century, with his open Bible and stirring writings, was the spiritual progenitor of John Huss, and the great Protestant movement that sprang up in Central Europe a century before Martin Luther. The writings of Wicliff found their way in great numbers into Bohemia, where many were burned, but not all could be destroyed, which accounts for their preservation to-day in manuscript as one of the treasures of the Imperial Library of Vienna. One of the noblest men produced in the boundaries of Austria, who was inspired and influenced by Wicliff in England, was John Huss, born in Southern Bohemia, July 6, 1369. He was a man raised up by God to break the sleep of religious liberty in Europe, and to develop the new ideas of the age into a reformation, which, under the genius of Luther, was destined to shake the papal despotism to its center. John Huss led Bohemia and Moravia out of the darkness of the Middle Ages a century before it began to disappear from other countries. The great work of John Huss was as preacher, and the force he added to the Reformation was not so much theological as moral and spiritual. In his zeal for practical holiness, and in the exaltation of the Scriptures above the ordinances and dogmas of the Church, in moral excellence and heroism of character, Huss was outdone by none of the reformers before or since. He preached righteousness with the sternness and earnestness of an old Hebrew prophet, until they burned him to death at Constance in 1415, when the grandest soul the world then knew went out in a chariot of fire. They cast his ashes into the Rhine; but how impotent the rage that thought thus to stifle such a voice! His words, like ashes, went into the air, and the wind took them up and carried them round the world.

Another feature is to be added to the Yale University. It is the "Yale House," or home for the students who may be taken sick in college.

FROM OREGON.

On Tuesday evening it was the privilege of your correspondent to be present at the annual meeting of the Salem church, when the business and work of the church for the past year was reviewed. Substantial progress was shown to have been made until within two months ago, at which time a most unfortunate division in the church occurred as a result of the report of a committee appointed to investigate charges reflecting severely on the moral character of the pastor, Rev. Charles L. Corwin, whose resignation was requested. At first the adherents of the minister were largely in the majority, but there has been a considerable change within the past few weeks, if the vote at the annual election of church clerk is any criterion, that being regarded as a test. At that election Mr. Corwin's supporters had 84 votes and the opposite side 102. He is no longer a factor in affairs, having resigned and gone to a ranch somewhere in the south part of the State. The affair is a painful one in any view, and will seriously interfere with the aggressive work of the church for many months to come. The minority feels very sore over the turn the matter has taken, and the fear is entertained in some quarters that a large number will withdraw from the church rather than submit to the clearly expressed wish of the majority. It is hoped that better counsels will prevail, and that when a new pastor is secured he may be a very prudent and wise man, with such a strong personality that both sides will yield to his judgment and direction. This seems to be the only way in which a disastrous division may be averted. At the same time, it is believed to be true that by far the larger part of the financial strength is with the majority, as well as the larger number of efficient church workers. One thing seems plain, and that is that Rev. P. S. Knight, a member of the church and the pastor from 1867 to 1888, has the confidence of both sides, and through him, in some way, with Providential guidance, it is hoped that the breach may be prevented from becoming wider. The time is an opportune one for much prayer for the leading of the Holy Spirit. The position of this church at the State capital gives it unusual prominence, and a large field for usefulness, and as such it is before the eyes of all the people. Brotherly kindness and great forbearance are now most essential, and every sincere Christian cannot but pray that these divine graces may have complete sway with our brethren, so that out of the difficulty, even though the trial has been as by fire, they will emerge purified and strengthened for a greater work than they have hitherto accomplished.

The 14th inst. was emphatically a red-letter day in the history of the Salem Y. M. C. A. On the evening of that day a banquet was given to the business men of Salem, the special occasion being in honor of the formal opening of the new rooms. These have been handsomely fitted up, and are most convenient and well arranged, and well adapted to the broad scope of Y. M. C. A. work in its best sense. An efficient ladies' auxiliary has been a most important factor in this work. Plates were laid for three hundred guests, and that number were present. The spread was an elaborate one, and the Salem ladies deserve much credit for their efforts at this time. After the eating was over, short addresses were made by Edward C. Frost, Chairman of the Executive Committee of Y. M. C. A. of the Pacific Northwest, James A. Dummett, Traveling Secretary, Noel H. Jacks, General Secretary of the Portland Association, each of whom confined his remarks to some distinct phase of the work, so that it, as a whole, was well presented to the business men. Then a most comprehensive, pointed and convincing address on "Does It Pay?" was delivered by Rev. I. D. Driver, D.D., which was the crowning effort of the evening.

Though young in years, General Secretary Weatherbee has shown much executive capacity in bringing the Y. M. C. A. work in Salem to so high a standard in so short a time—the Association not being a year old yet. Being exact in his business methods, he has won the confidence of the business community, and the spiritual interests of the work are not by any means minimized; hence he receives the cordial support of the churches. It is doubtful if any association on the coast has begun its work under more favorable conditions, or with better prospects for permanent and far-reaching growth. At the close of the addresses, a class drill in gymnastics was given,

led by Mr. Wetherbee, which attracted much attention.

Thursday evening, 15th inst., I was present at the Salem church prayer-meeting. It was led by Mr. Knight. Sixty were present. In the outset he said there was much need for prayer, and hoped the time would be so occupied entirely; and so it was, many taking part. The Spirit certainly was present in the meeting, and every one felt that it was good to have been there.

Friday I went to Corvallis, and was present that evening at our church there, Rev. William C. Kantner, pastor, and heard Rev. R. M. Thompson, the Congregational evangelist, recently from Kentucky, preach an able and impressive sermon from the text "Quit you like men." (1 Cor. xvi. 13.) Mr. Thompson is an effective gospel preacher. He relies upon the simple presentation of the truth as he understands it for his success in winning souls, and presents it with much fervor, and in such a way as to appeal mainly to the heart and conscience. This was the closing meeting of a series of five weeks' duration, begun by Pastor Kantner, and a little later assisted by Superintendent Clapp for nearly two weeks. Mr. Thompson took part in the services for about ten days. The accessions to the Corvallis church number thirteen. This must not be taken as a measure of the value of the meetings. Their benefit to the members of the church cannot be measured, as they have been greatly quickened. Every member at some time or other during the meetings has taken part by testimony or prayer, and has been active in trying to persuade others to accept Christ. The good influence is not alone confined to our church, but all the churches in the city have felt it more or less—all the ministers taking part in the meetings, and their membership was present also, so that at the services—10 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. daily, except Saturday—the church was full.

Mr. Thompson will preach for the Salem church on the next four Sundays.

The Ebenezer Congregational church (Russo-German), Rev. John Koch, pastor, was dedicated to-day, free of debt save the grant from the C. C. B. S. The total cost of house and lot is \$1,600. There are 60 members, and a congregation of over 250, many of whom are ready to join the church. The principal exercises were in the German language, Rev. J. J. Staub giving the dedicatory sermon; Revs. H. V. Rominger, John Koch, Cephas F. Clapp, and C. H. Curtis taking the other parts. The singing was especially good, and really impressive—almost the entire congregation taking part.

The church at Smyrna, Rev. F. W. Parker, pastor, was dedicated on the 4th inst., Rev. Cephas F. Clapp giving the dedicatory sermon.

Next Thursday Pastor Clapp will preach the sermon at the installation of Rev. L. H. Hallock, as pastor of the First church of Tacoma.

Geo. H. Himes, Portland, Dec. 17, 1892.

SHORT PASTORATES—AS DISCUSSED BY OBERLIN MINISTERS.

C. N. FOND.

There is no doubt that mischief results if a minister stays too long in a place; but the more frequent missionary White, who, with two children, lost his life by a railroad accident at Elmira, N. Y. The new organ brought from home stands where theirs stood, but the voices that rang forth in song and laughter will never be heard here again. At our Friday evening meeting last week we had a memorial service at which reminiscences were given and Dr. Parker's ode was sung, "Blest are They in Christ Departed." Three nationalities united in our Sabbath worship; sermon and prayers in English, also an exposition in Cantonese. The Protestant chapel is not used at present. Of some of the scenic and historic attractions of this Portuguese city, another letter will speak.

Rev. James Brand, D.D., pastor of the First church, presided, and President William G. Ballantine led in the discussion. There was no difference of opinion regarding the benefit of long-continued pastorates if all can go on without friction. Dr. H. T. Whitney of China stated that in their field it is found not advisable to have a native helper stay in one place more than two or three years. And it was urged that in America, even with our thorough facilities for instruction, a pastor, especially if a young man, may find relief from many burdens, and a chance to try again and correct his former mistakes, by moving to a new field. Yet, on the whole, there is no question but that pastoral weight and influence must increase with time.

President Ballantine and Rev. Mr. McClay felt that the expectation of change both by ministers and people tends to produce a change. Often-

times a young man seems to feel that progress is to be shown not by building a weak church up into a strong one, but by moving from a weak to a stronger church.

Rev. D. L. Leonard, endorsed by Rev. H. M. Tenney, D.D., Rev. G. C. Reed, Rev. H. B. Fry and others, feels that the difficulty lies largely with the churches. Society, modified by newspapers, railroads, telegraphs, and the active agencies of our complex civilization, is very changeable and heterogeneous. A congregation is often a half-chaos of different tastes, convictions and sentiments, which it is very difficult for one man to keep contented in all its parts. But perhaps the most pronounced reason assigned for the frequency of pastoral change is the habit of "hiring" ministers by the year. Many churches seem reluctant or afraid to install their ministers, and do not know any other way excepting to make a yearly engagement. It was most emphatically urged that there should be some other plan, including a public meeting by a suitable visiting body or council, thus recognizing the pastorate and impressing all parties with the sacredness of the relationship.

A committee was appointed to digest and mature the views presented into a report for further discussion and use.

OBERLIN.

LETTER FROM MACAO.

BY REV. DR. E. P. THWING.

Our long journey of 11,000 miles is ended. The *Peru* took me to Hongkong in five days. A Sunday service, as on the *China*, and a week day lecture with recitations, were desired by the officers, whose courteous attentions added to the pleasure of a delightful voyage. Canton was reached November 11th. After a short stay at Fa-ti, near the sight of the proposed Insane Asylum, we came to Macao for a month. My son is assigned to Kang-hau, ten days' travel or more from Canton by boats. His freight has not all arrived. Furniture and provisions are to be secured. He, with his wife and his sister, will labor in this far-off town among the Hakkas, a very hopeful field, where there is a chapel and a school. Their nearest neighbors—English-speaking—will be five days distant at Lian-chow.

Macao is a picturesque old city, the "Gem of the Orient." Our spacious mansion overlooks the sea from which the monsoons breathe their refreshing gales. This is Thanksgiving week at home, but the mercury in the shade stands at 80 and 110 degrees, or higher, in the sun. Our suite of five rooms is on one floor 110 feet, and their dimensions are ample. There is a broad veranda and below there are quarters for servants. A wall fifteen feet high surrounds the building, and tropical trees and plants remind us of Calcutta da Paz, Kolau, in the Orient. Ten dollars in gold is the monthly rent. A considerable amount of furniture is included. Nearly 50 years ago this old mansion echoed to jubilations following the treaty which Caleb Cushing completed with China. The groans of coolies imprisoned in the basement were heard some thirty years ago, during the continuance of that nefarious slave trade. When here in 1889 I was the guest of Missionary White, who, with two children, lost his life by a railroad accident at Elmira, N. Y. The new organ brought from home stands where theirs stood, but the voices that rang forth in song and laughter will never be heard here again. At our Friday evening meeting last week we had a memorial service at which reminiscences were given and Dr. Parker's ode was sung, "Blest are They in Christ Departed." Three nationalities united in our Sabbath worship; sermon and prayers in English, also an exposition in Cantonese. The Protestant chapel is not used at present. Of some of the scenic and historic attractions of this Portuguese city, another letter will speak.

Extensive preparations are being made by the Young Men's Christian Association to entertain thousands of young men at the building Monday, January, 2d, 1893. The exercises will continue through the entire day, closing with a grand concert in the evening. Rev. E. R. Dille, D.D., pastor of Central M. E. Church, will speak at twelve o'clock to young men only, on a subject appropriate to the day. The Home Circle Orchestra, composed of young ladies and gentlemen, will discourse music. Refreshments will be served by ladies representing the various churches.

CHURCH REPORTS.

DEAR PACIFIC: I notice the Solons of the Monday Club have been wrestling with the Associational Programme question, and have turned it over to the Provisional Committee, supposed now to be well provided with light for its guidance. I wonder if anything was suggested looking to a reform in the matter of "reports from churches"? Is there any practicable and speedy way of securing condensed yet really comprehensive reports suitable to the circumstances of an Annual Association? It has seemed to me that sometimes the Associations have developed a very marvel of patience in listening to long, rambling, prosy, and utterly unprofitable accounts of things pertaining to the local church. Who is particularly interested, instructed or edified by a tedious account of how the "hoodlums made faces at the deacon," or of the number of "socials held by the church and Sunday-school, with receipts and expenditures"? Let the boys make faces in utter obscurity, if so be they will do it; but why two hundred and fifty people, eager to work out practical questions of general interest, be compelled to fidget impatiently while some dear, good, anxious-hearted delegate pours out a wearying stream of disjointed reminiscences of the year's work?

I am certain that serious mistakes have been made at the sessions in this matter, by most excellent persons in thus prosing, and many churches remain meagerly reported and put in false positions before the assembled churches, because the sensitive delegates or pastors have felt the patience of the house was being worn out in these things; and in their eager efforts to condense, have left out very essential parts of their reports. Is there no way to reach the local churches by some effective suggestions along the line of more studied effort at short, pithy, keen-edged reports of the local labors, results and conditions? Would it not be a wise and a fraternal action for each church to look especially after the framing of its report, with instructions to its reporting delegate in no case to allow its local report to occupy more than three minutes.

Statistics in a report accomplish very little when recited on the floor of an assembly of men and women anxious about general interests that press for immediate comprehension and adjustment, and if they are many they are altogether a weariness. Study out the report with a view to the general interests of our work, and give only outlines of most striking features. Can the Provisional Committee do something? Yours modestly, LUARK.

SAN JUAN, Dec. 19, 1892.

A SUGGESTION.

BANCROFT LIBRARY

A friend of mine at the East, a layman, alluding to a noble Christian woman of his acquaintance, some time ago deceased, writes: "It seems as if no one nowadays was good as — was, so true, so earnest, so devotedly pious. There may be such now, but I do not know them. Christians seem so different now! With all the disputes about 'New Theology' and new views of the Bible, it seems as if right-doing and right-living were altogether forgotten. I have sometimes thought it was the work of the devil."

"I have a picture which I brought from Edinburgh which represents a table, on one side of which are sitting Luther, Melancthon, Zwingle and other reformers; on the other side are the Pope and the devil. On the table lies an open Bible with a bright light shining on it, which the Pope and the devil are trying to blow out. "After the time of the Reformation the infidels in France were employed by the devil to do the same work and destroy the Bible, but without final success. Now, I have wondered if in our time the devil was trying to use some educated men, and even theological teachers, to do this work, and put out the light of the Word. Is this the last great battle, and will Satan be overthrown and the millennium come when he shall be bound a thousand years?"

No doubt there are as worthy Christian women now as the one referred to by my correspondent, and I think I know some. As to the agency of the devil in the shutting out the light of the Word, see II Cor. iv. 4:—"The God of this world hath blinded the minds of them that believe not, lest the glorious light of the gospel of Christ should shine unto them." What are the instrumentalities employed by him is not so clear. It may be that some good men are unwittingly used for the purpose while thinking to do God service. J. C. H.

STOCKTON.



## Woman's Board Of the Pacific.

### EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS OF MISS MARY PERKINS.

(Continued.)

I visited one house this afternoon where there have been seven deaths from cholera. The trying time is over; there has not been a case, I think, for two weeks past. I regret a little that I could not have gone among my readers; but as I was alone here with the school children, I thought it not safe on their account. The people about the compound advised me not to go. Two of the Bible women asked me during the worst of the cholera if they might stop their work; they could do nothing, they said. I gave them permission, but their readers went to their homes for them. \* \* \* Mrs. Chester said to me while I was in Dindigal, "You are never sick, are you?" I ought to have said it was all of the Lord. I am afraid we do not realize how greatly blessed we are in having such health and strength.

Arrupukutai, March 1, 1892.—On my way from Tirumangalam I stopped over night in Pasmalai with Mrs. Washburn. I was pleased to learn that in Mr. Washburn's daily Bible class there are sixty Brahmans, all heathen. One day not long ago the entire hour was spent on the verse, "There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we may be saved." Mr. Washburn is scholarly and interesting. I am sure they will be blest and instructed. Mr. Washburn is building a hotel where Brahmans can take their meals and live, if they see fit. Most of these young men come out from Madura, I believe. The Washburns also feel encouraged, as a Mohammedan has come to them as a boarder; he is a bright-looking little boy. He has asked Mrs. Washburn for a Bible.

A high-caste heathen's son has recently been baptized there, too; his father did not persecute him, nor greatly object. Another high-caste father whose son was going astray went to one of our pastors and told him if he would only try to rescue his son he could make him what he chose. The boy has reformed, and I believe has become a Christian.

Arrupukutai, March 22, 1892.—In speaking of missionaries going to Kodi-Kanal. \* \* \* You can hardly conceive of the change from the hot plains to Kodi-Kanal on the hills, it is so great. The heat does not affect me, except to make me sleepy; my appetite rarely fails. I like the native curry very much. I often go over to the school and take some when the girls are eating, the hot peppers make it stimulating, I suppose.

The Mohammedan children still come to the school, twenty yesterday morning, fifteen or sixteen this morning. The woman who collects them gives each one a little sugar. She is a heathen woman, a relative of one of our Christians. I trust she will soon come out herself. My room on the roof was inexpensive, being made of bamboo poles and mats; it is the greatest boon to me. I go to sleep as soon as my head touches the pillow. I presume it is the change from the confined air of the house to the pure fresh air; we have sea breezes. Although we are some thirty miles from the coast, we get the good bracing air. \* \* \*

In June I shall take on a new Bible woman. I have waited to be sure I was right; her friends are asking Mrs. Washburn to give her work; we cannot afford to lose her, so will employ her. I need her services very much. Just at this time I want to do more work among the Mohammedans. Fifteen Mohammedan children came to Sunday-school on our veranda last week. I gave them picture cards, but their parents did not like it, so I shall be careful in the future. Some of them have been to the church, too, with our children. Their parents greatly objected to this, too. There really seems to be an advance in work among the Mohammedans. Miss Root has started a Mohammedan school in Madura which is well attended.

Arrupukutai, April 5, 1892.—The Mohammedans still come; there were about thirty at our veranda Sunday-school last Sunday. I give each child a plantain. The sugar that I give those who come every afternoon is made of Palumra juice, and is like our maple sugar. Martha Taylor (Bible woman) will teach them while I am away. I start Friday for Kodi.

Kodi-Kanal, April 12, 1892.—We arrived here safely Saturday morning; the trip was not nearly as fatiguing as it might have been. Mr. Chandler invited us to go in his private bandy part of the way. We started up the mountain about 3 A. M. \* \* \* Did I write you that the Mohammedans themselves are anxious to have their children sent to our school, and that their women should learn to read? When the women say they haven't time to learn, the husband insists upon their giving time. This is a little remarkable, I think; many among the heathen are not at all willing that their wives should learn to read; some are obliged to stop on account of opposition. I feel that the Lord has been answering prayer

for the Mohammedans. If we could only see them turning to the Lord! Kodi-Kanal, May 9, 1892.—They are cutting down the mission funds this year. You must pray every day that the Lord will supply the needs of our work from his own treasury; also that our faith may be strong in his promise of help, so that we shall not cut down our work.

Kodi-Kanal, May 17, 1892.—Last week we had the mission meeting; for four days we had prayer-meetings in the morning at 7:30 o'clock. My brother took for the subject of his meeting Christ's rebuke to Philip, "Have I been so long time with thee, and yet hast thou not known me?" He said there were riches in Christ for us which we have never discovered nor used. \* \* \* Have I written you that one of the Mohammedan priests is sending his two little girls to the school?

May 23d.—The convention began this morning; it was a good beginning. The Spirit was present, and there were many prayers; missionaries from several societies were present; the church was full; we have another session this afternoon. We shall have meetings five days; it will be a good preparation for our return to our work. Missionaries have so few helps. Friends at home should pray that we may persevere in prayer and in the study of God's Word. As the leader said this morning, one of our hindrances is so much work that we do not take time for our own private devotions. Dr. Phillips is here from Calcutta; he held a children's meeting yesterday; it was a very good meeting. He seems to have nearness to God—how it draws us!

### GLEANNINGS.

Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying his hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.—Autocrat.

The devil blinds the eyes of his votaries. Not many commit sin without first persuading themselves that they are thereby to secure for themselves some substantial good.

We pray for better bread sometimes when we only need a better appetite. If God answers the prayer just as we ask it, we will be no better off than before; but if he gives us an appetite, our crust will be as good bread as we want, and so our prayer will be answered after all.

The reason why God does so little for some churches is because they never count on him for anything. People who are struggling to build a house of worship should take the hint, and put the Lord's name on the subscription list. "God is our sufficiency." That is to say, we are deficient, and we must depend on him who made us to meet our deficiency.

You may build a wall around a living spring, and the water will rise and overflow. Add greater height to the wall, and the waters will climb still higher. The life of Christ in the soul will also rise above every environment, and overflow to bless the world. Dead waters evaporate, but living waters flow on down the hillside, through the valley and across the plain, refreshing, invigorating and beautifying all.—Bible Reader.

The robin fills the summer day  
With song and sweetness, as his part,  
Nearer knowing that his tender lay  
Can comfort many a sorrowing heart.

Dear God, who givest each a place  
Within thy plan, oh, give me, too,  
Within my little round, the grace  
My daily work with cheer to do.

Still loving all thou lovest best,  
Who knowest that I am but dust,  
Oh, make my life, that tends to thee,  
A happy song of hope and trust!

### THE MEANING OF DEATH.

We are, perhaps, too much in the habit of thinking of death as the accumulation of disease, which regarded only in itself is an evil, and a terrible evil. But I think rather of death as the first pulse of new strength shaking itself free from the old mouldy remnants of earth-garments, that it may begin in freedom the new life that grows out of the old. The caterpillar dies into the butterfly. Who knows but disease may be the coming of the keener life breaking into this, and beginning to destroy, like fire, the inferior modes of garments of the present? And thus disease would be but the sign of the greater life to lift us to itself, out of that wherein we are failing and sinning. And so we praise the consuming fire of life.—George MacDonald.

A CONDITION, NOT A THEORY.—A Michigan man recently returned from an attempted settlement anywhere in the Southwestern States, where he could make a living, was met by a friend who also had migratory ambitions. "Well," he inquired, "what do you think of the Southwest?" He shook his head ominously. "Haven't they got anything down there?" was the next inquiry. The returned one hesitated. "Yes," he replied carefully, "they have. They have more rain and less water, more hogs and less meat, more cows and less milk, more hens and less eggs, more cattle and less beef, than in any seven places I ever struck from Kalamazoo to California."

### WASHINGTON LETTER.

Congress gives no evidence of being in a hurry to legislate upon the liquor traffic in the District of Columbia, notwithstanding the plain language of President Harrison's message, and of the knowledge that every bar-room in the District has been since the last day of October doing business without a license. This knowledge I presume every member of Congress has. There has been a little desultory talk about the necessity of this legislation in the District Committee, of both the House and Senate, and one brand-new liquor license bill has been introduced. When the sickness of a treasury department official made it necessary that some one else should be authorized to sign the official papers passing through that official's office, a joint resolution was passed by the House and Senate, and signed by the President within less than twenty-four hours. Why, then, is the good name of the citizens of the national capital left at the mercy of an unlicensed, and practically uncontrolled, liquor traffic? Some twenty-four-hour legislation on the liquor traffic would be very acceptable; but, alas! there are no signs of our getting it.

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins" committed by Washington society, collectively and individually; for it cannot be denied that society is charitable, nor that it has a multitude of sins to be covered. The society people maintain a number of our most deserving charities, by individual donations and by means of money raised by public entertainments. Monday afternoon a tea and bazaar was given under the auspices of some of the leading society ladies, and attended by society at large, for the benefit of the Home for Incurables—an institution which furnishes pleasant surroundings for many invalids who would otherwise be compelled to occupy the public almshouse. The amount realized was quite large.

The bill generally known as the anti-option bill, which was passed by the House at the last session of Congress, is now the "unfinished business" of the Senate. It provides for a tax upon the business of speculation in future delivery of grain, cotton, etc., so large that it is prohibitory, and for that reason it is bitterly opposed by the members of the grain and cotton exchanges throughout the country. Its friends claim that if enacted into a law the bill will not interfere with legitimate sales, but will only put a stop to the gambling in future prices, which is now such a prominent feature of all of our great commercial centers.

Much interest is being taken by our church people in the work of Miss Edith Marshall of England, who is an ensign in the Salvation Army, and who has come here for the purpose of enlisting sympathy for and to increase the membership of the Auxiliary League of the Salvation Army. Miss Marshall is a guest of one of Washington's leading lawyers, who has joined the League, and already she has spoken at large meetings in two of our churches, one Methodist and the other Presbyterian, and it is probable that others will be opened to her. It is not necessary in order to join the League that one should indorse or approve of every single method used by the Salvation Army. All that is required is sympathy with its work of reclaiming drunkards, rescuing the fallen—in a word, saving the lost—as to give it their prayers, influence and money—not less than \$5 a year. This is the first attempt that has been made in Washington to gain members for the League, and very little was known of it here before Miss Marshall came, but she brings strong endorsements, both for herself and for the work of the League from English churches.

The joint resolution introduced by Senator Vest last week, providing for the appointment of a commission to make an agreement with the five civilized tribes of Indians for taking lands in severalty, was discussed in the Senate yesterday, but was not disposed of.

The health of Justice Lamar of the Supreme Court is in such a precarious condition that it is not likely he will be able to resume his duties this winter. He will probably go South, if able to travel, in a few days, to remain until he gets better.

Cardinal Gibbons was in Washington this week, and while here he paid a visit to ex-Secretary Blaine, with whom he has been on friendly terms for many years, and his visit was made the basis for a silly rumor that Mr. Blaine had become a Catholic. Mr. Blaine's mother was a Catholic, but he was raised a Presbyterian, and is now a communicant of that church. WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 14, 1892.

The prayer of an old Christian man was, "O Lord, give us more of the up and doing!" We like the spirit of this prayer. The Lord's answer to such a prayer is, "Get up and be doing." Our lives should be in keeping with our prayers. If we pray for holiness, we ought to try to be holy. If our prayer is that the Lord will make us useful, then we should earnestly set about doing things wherein usefulness consists.—Selected.

Gaining power never does an ambitious man a bit of good.

### The Christ.

Hear the chimes on Bethlehem's plain  
Heralding the Christ-child's reign,  
Loud they burst upon the air,  
Angel cadences so real!  
Christ the Saviour, born to-day,  
Men with angels join the lay.

Earth rejoices  
While the voices  
Praise him in their song,  
And the swelling anthem raises  
Midst the countless throng  
Higher than the highest heavens  
Let the air vibrate and ring  
With the might of quick pulsation,  
As the chords they sing:  
Worthy, he, of all laudation!  
Worthy, he, the lowly one!

M. C. SUTHERLAND.

### AN HISTORICAL STATEMENT OF THE DOCTRINAL POSITION OF THE DISCIPLES—II.

BY REV. M. J. FERGUSON.

The "Declaration and Address" was written by Thomas Campbell, and contained the result of much thought, through several years, upon the problem of Christian unity. He believed his propositions would be welcomed by the churches. The object proposed was so desirable in itself that it must prevail. But there was no response. His words fell upon dull ears. Though not accepted, there was no attempt to convert a single position he had taken. There was simply indifference.

He soon saw that the "Christian Association" was being forced into the attitude of a new party, and this he devoutly wished to avoid. In this emergency he was urged by the Presbyterians to form an ecclesiastical union with them. He assented so far as to apply to the Synod of Pittsburgh, as advised. He laid before that body a full statement of his views and purposes. His overture was refused for several reasons, as: (1) that it planned to further divisions; (2) that it tended to exclude infant baptism; (3) that it tended to establish independent church government. But the Synod went further, and assumed the aggressive by characterizing Mr. Campbell's plan as "specious," "seductive" and "baleful in tendency," etc. This was the initiation of a controversy that lasted half a century.

In May, 1811, the "Association" was organized into an independent church, with Thomas Campbell as Elder and the choice of four deacons. Alexander Campbell, a young man of 23, was licensed to preach. The apathy of Christians had forced them to do what they at first fondly believed would never be necessary.

It will be seen that the Church, as now constituted, had all the questions to answer that might be involved in the application of their accepted principle of requiring an express command or an approved precedent for their faith and practice. All the members had been Presbyterians or Independents, and they had found no reason for any doctrinal difference with either of these bodies.

The first question that came up for settlement was that of infant baptism. A daughter was born to Alexander Campbell, March 13, 1812. The baptism of his child became of immediate practical interest to him. He had investigated the question two years before, but had pressed it to no conclusion. Up to this time he had regarded baptism as of little importance; in June, 1811, he said of it: "As I am sure it is unscriptural to make this matter a term of communion, I let it slip. I wish to think and let think on these matters." But there was a growing conviction among the church members that baptism meant much more than had been supposed, else Christ would not have connected it so directly with the salvation of the gospel.

From a fresh study of the subject and a critical inquiry into the meaning, in the original Greek, of the words translated baptism and baptize, Mr. Campbell became convinced that only immersion was baptism, and that none but believers were proper subjects of the ordinance. If this were correct, the sprinkling which he had received in infancy was unauthorized by the Scriptures, and he was an unbaptized person.

In June he, with his father and mother and sister and two others, was immersed by Mr. Matthias Luce, a Baptist minister. Before receiving the ordinance he stipulated with Mr. Luce that no "experience" should be related, and that no other confession should be required than that of faith in Christ, as the Scriptures require. From this time on the Church unanimously adopted immersion as the only Scriptural baptism, rejected infant baptism, and determined that the simple confession of Christ made by the early converts was all that could be required of those who demanded baptism and church membership.

The next step in their progress was the rejection of anything unknown to the Scriptures, of the distinctions of the theologians about "historical faith," "miraculous," "temporary" and "saving faith," "the faith of reliance," "the faith of adherence," "appropriating faith," "direct and reflex acts of faith," etc. With the Campbells, faith was the simple acceptance of the divine testimony as true, and reliance upon it as the immutable word of God. "Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." They also gave special emphasis to the difference between faith and opinion; because, without a recognition of this difference, no progress could be made in a just knowledge of divine things. The subject-matter of faith is the facts and revelations of the divine record, interpretations of and speculations about these the subject-matter of opinion. "When the Bible speaks there is no room for opinion." Christians must agree in faith and be at liberty to differ in opinion, thus securing both unity and diversity. With this distinction recognized, Arminianism, Calvinism, nor any other system of doctrine, held as private opinion, could be any bar to Christian union.

This view of the difference between faith and opinion led on to clear understanding of the distinction between "the Christian faith"—or, as it is so often put in the New Testament, "the faith"—and doctrinal knowledge. "We differ," said a leading writer of forty years ago, "from the parties here in one important particular. It is this: that, while they suppose this faith to be doctrinal, we regard it as personal. In other words, they suppose doctrines to be the subject-matter of faith; we, on the contrary, conceive it to terminate on a person—the Lord Jesus Christ himself."

"The Christian faith, then, in our view, consists not in any theory or system of doctrine, but in a sincere belief in the person and mission of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is a direct personal reliance upon him, not merely to believe what he says, or what is said of him. This is the Christian's Creed, and the only faith that can be demanded in order to obtain admission to Christian privileges and church fellowship."

They rejected "frames and feelings" as evidence of acceptance with God, and tested the quality of a man's faith by his willingness to sincere belief in the person and mission of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is a direct personal reliance upon him, not merely to believe what he says, or what is said of him. This is the Christian's Creed, and the only faith that can be demanded in order to obtain admission to Christian privileges and church fellowship."

Applying the inductive method to the study of the Scriptures, as though they were fresh fallen from heaven, they could find no ground for the doctrine of "direct and irresistible operation of the Holy Spirit on the heart of the sinner in conversion," nor were they able to accept any theory of the Spirit's operation and influence as satisfactory and of authority. They maintained that every conversion was begun, carried on, and finished by the Holy Spirit, but declined to say that the divine was dead and powerless until vivified by the Spirit. In

the sermons of the apostles the Holy Spirit preached Christ, and not Himself. They, therefore, preferred to preach as the apostles did, and leave the result with God. "Preach the gospel," said Jesus. "The gospel is the power of God unto salvation," said the Holy Spirit.

They further saw that there was a confounding of the ordinary with the extraordinary gift of the Spirit, and of the promise of the Spirit to Christians with his work in the conversion of the sinner. In their sermons and prayers they tried to keep these things distinct, as the Scripture history required.

It required fifteen years to get a clear view of the design of baptism. In 1823 Mr. Campbell had stated in public debate that baptism was "for the remission of sins." He then called it "a solemn pledge of personal acquittal to each believer." The blood of Christ really, and baptism formally, washes away sin, which accounts for baptism being called the "washing of regeneration." But it was not until November, 1827, that any practical use was made of this doctrine. From that year preachers began to say in their sermons that the Scriptures promised "remission of sins and the gift of the Holy Spirit" to the baptized, and to invite men to be baptized for these purposes. In preaching this they were not introducing a new doctrine, but using a very old one. (See West. Conf., Ch. 28, § 1): "Baptism is a sign and seal of the covenant of grace, of the remission of sins," etc. The longer Catechism repeats this, and Calvin (Inst., Ch. xvi, p. 327) says that by baptism God "assures us that our sins are canceled and obliterated. For He commands all who believe to be baptized for the remission of their sins."

The fundamental difference between the two covenants and between the patriarchal, Jewish and Christian dispensations relieved the study of the Scriptures of much confusion, when once understood. The Christian institution was seen to be distinct and complete in all its parts, without requiring any additions from any previous system of religion. No Jewish ordinances passed over into it. It was established on the day of Pentecost, and not in the days of Abraham. There was no Christian Church before the descent of the Holy Spirit.

The weekly communion and the congregational form of church government, through elders and deacons (a plurality in each church), complete the main points in the doctrinal history of this people.

The New Testament is their only authoritative statement of doctrine. "If a man can not find language in the New Testament in which to express his views, it is because his views are not in the New Testament." These doctrines required twenty years for their development.

### AN IMPRESSIVE PRAYER-MEETING.

A special correspondent of the New York Sun cables from Queenstown an account of the disaster which lately befell the steamship *Spree* in mid-ocean, from which we copy a passage. Mr. Moody said:

Did you ever see seven hundred men and women pray? There never was a more earnest prayer to God than that of those seven hundred souls on that helpless, almost sinking ship in mid-ocean last Sunday evening, when we met in the saloon to implore God's help, and God answered it, as I knew he would. He sent us a rescuing ship, and he calmed the sea so that for a week it was as smooth as it is in this harbor, though there were storms all around us. It was the grandest test of prayer I ever knew. My son was with me. He is a student in Yale College, and the learned professors there have instilled in him some doubts about God's direct interference in answer to prayer.

After we had prayed that night, I had reached a point where I cared not whether it was God's will that we should go up or down. I determined to rest as though we were sailing safely on our way. My boy couldn't rest. We were fast drifting out of the track of vessels, and our peril was extreme. About a quarter past two o'clock he came and woke me, telling me to come on deck. There he pointed out an occasional glimpse of a tiny light that showed over the waves as our ship rolled heavily from side to side. "It is our star of Bethlehem," he cried, "and our prayers are answered." Before daylight the *Huron*, whose masthead light it was, had reached us, and the winds were hushed by divine command while we were drawn out of the direst peril to this safe haven.

General O. O. Howard said:

On Sunday evening Mr. Moody asked me to organize a service in the saloon. I asked the Captain's permission, and his reply was: "Most certainly; I am that kind, too." We gave notice of the meeting, and to our surprise, every one on board attended, except, of course, the officers and crew, who could not leave their posts. You will readily believe that it was the most impressive religious gathering any of us ever attended. Jews, Catholics and all others forgot differences in creeds and denominations. There was no room for them in such an hour. Mr. Moody read the 91st and 107th Psalms, and one of the Germans translated verse by verse for his countrymen. Mr. Moody offered a most fervent prayer and made a short address. God heard us and answered us. I went to my stateroom to rest after the meeting, and I was asleep when some one touched me. I awoke to find a sweet, fond little German girl, the daughter of one of the passengers, by my cot. She could not understand a word of English, but my daughter had drilled her to speak four English words, which was the message she brought: "The steamer is coming," and then she added her German hallelujah. After that, with rescue at hand in case of necessity, the tension on all our minds was relaxed, and the week passed not unpleasantly.

### PRAYER-MEETING SINS TO BE RE- PENTED OF.

1. Of self-dependence. Get rid of it as soon as possible. God is our professed strength.
2. Of timidity. Leave that to those who profess no faith in a power to help. No need to blush when God is by.
3. Of listlessness. Wandering thoughts are a curse. Train the mind to concentration. Miss no sentiment uttered. It will let you into the spirit of devotion.
4. Of excuses for silence. They are half yours and half the devil's. Both members of the firm will suffer.
5. Of lack of fervency. Get a hot heart and pray out of that. The earth shall melt with fervent heat, and so will hearts of stone. Fervency would save the world if we had enough of it. Pray for a hot heart.—The Independent.

When once the soul, by contemplation, is raised to any right appreciation of the divine perfections, and the foretastes of celestial bliss, the glitter of the world will no more dazzle his eyes than the faint luster of a glow-worm will trouble the eagle after it has been beholding the sun.—Senegal.

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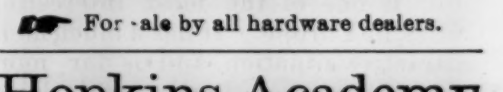
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## Home Circle.

## The New Year.

Oh! who is this that comes so late,  
Loud knocking on December's gate?

It is the New Year, young and bold,  
With snowy cloak and shield of gold.

Then open the gate and let him in,  
For glad the tidings he will bring.

He comes with sword and flashing spear,  
To journey with all brave knights here.

And all in shining armor drest,  
They put thy valor to the test.

And who to fight with him shall dare,  
A wreath of laurel soon shall wear.

To meet him, then, do not refuse,  
For he the wrong alone subdues.

The good, the gentle and the true  
He honors still, as heroes do.

Then, welcome in this noble foe,  
Who for thy friend thou soon shalt know.

And greet him with a ringing cheer,  
With "Glory to the glad New Year!"

—Home Journal.

## THE DEACON'S CHANCE.

From the deacon's standpoint, the minister's salary was large, indeed, "enormous," as the deacon used to say. In point of fact it was very moderate, being only \$450 a year, and \$50 of that had to be taken in wood. But we must look at it from the deacon's point of view.

He lived upon and cultivated a farm that furnished him and his family almost their entire living. When they wanted groceries, or any kind of "store" goods, he would make a trade of butter or eggs, and supply their wants.

This left but very little to sell for cash, and consequently the good deacon handled but little actual money from one year's end to the other. Two hundred dollars, and sometimes fifty or seventy-five more, was all the real cash the deacon saw in the year; and his necessities not requiring this much, he usually had a considerable sum to his credit at the bank. How his minister, with not a large family, could spend \$400 in cash every year, was more than he could possibly comprehend. "There must be," he thought, "great extravagance somewhere." In his opinion, the minister did not earn his money.

"What does he do, anyway?" he said, addressing a neighbor, who sat in his store amusing himself by tossing up a couple of beans. "Most of the time he wears his best clothes, and goes around a-visitin' on the people, a-takin' tea with the women, and a-havin' a good time, while me and you is hard a-workin'." The man of the beans nodded his head, and flung the beans more assiduously, as though they had something to do with the work referred to by the deacon. "And then as to preachin'—I'd like to know what there's in that?" he continued. "If a man couldn't write in half a day enough to read in half an hour, why, I think he'd better quit the business, wouldn't you?" The thrower of the beans not being disposed to take issue with the deacon, he continued: "Now, I don't set up pretensions to be smarter than most folks, but if I can't write with this very hand [holding out a hand that did not look as though it had been got up with any special reference to holding a pen] as good a sermon in half a day as the minister preaches to us, I'll quit being a deacon; and I'd preach it, too, in the church, if he'd give me the chance."

This last remark, in the course of time, got round to the minister's ears, and he determined, at the first opportunity, to give the deacon a chance to try his "gifts." This soon occurred. Only a few weeks after the conversation referred to, it happened that the minister was called to be absent from home for a Sabbath; so, going over to the deacon's house early on Monday morning, he stated to him the necessities of the case, and insisted that he should prepare a sermon and preach it in the pulpit the following Sabbath.

A view of the deacon's face at that moment would have been highly amusing. The first slight tinge of surprise soon gave way to an expression of pride, confidence, and triumph most refreshing to contemplate. Laying hold of the lower of two buttons that held his vest together, he commenced twisting it, as was his custom when laboring under any great mental excitement, and replied: "Well, dominie,"—that was a term he always used on state occasions—"if you really think I must, I will do the best I can." And then he added, after a moment's hesitation: "I hain't got the books. I suppose you will let me go into your study to write? I'll go home for dinner."

"Oh, certainly," replied the dominie, "and my wife will be pleased to have you take dinner, and supper, too, with her, if you should not get through before meal-time."

"Very good," said the deacon, "I'll go over as soon as I get my morning work done."

An hour later, but yet early in the morning, found the deacon in the minister's study, preparing for work. He had left word at home to keep some dinner for him, as he might possibly not get his sermon written as he expected, but still expressed the opinion that he only had to write enough to keep him reading half an hour; he would, if he had no bad luck, get through my noon. To give

the deacon the credit due to him, it must be said that he did have, with all his failings, a foundation of good sense in his mind, and was a pretty good judge of what a sermon ought to be.

The minister's good wife had prepared everything to his hand. She had placed paper and ink on the table, together with a Bible, Cruden's Concordance, and a most formidable pile of commentaries. The deacon proceeded at once to business. He stood a moment to take a survey of the situation, and then drew off his coat, and, throwing it over a chair, rolled up his red flannel shirt-sleeves with as much energy as though he were going to chop wood. Then he sat down at the table, counted out as many sheets of sermon-paper as he thought he would use, and pronounced himself all ready. By this time it was a few minutes past nine o'clock.

"Well," said he to himself, "the first thing ministers have to settle is, what text they will select." Here he took up the Bible and glanced through it. There were plenty of texts there, beyond a question, but which one? This was a poser. Now he thought of a certain verse, now of another. He read part of a chapter here and part of another there, and then lay back in his chair and thought; the lower button was suffering terribly.

Here was a text that would do, but the minister had preached upon it lately; here was another that would make a splendid discourse, but the condition of the church was not such as to warrant that kind of a sermon. After a great deal of reflection both these were rejected.

Just then, to the deacon's horror, the clock struck eleven. He caught up his pen and dipped it in the ink; but there was that stubborn fact—he must have a text. He wondered how ministers decided that very important matter. "Ah, now I have it!" he exclaimed, "No, that won't do either." The hour soon passed, and thus ended the first half-day.

Promptly at twelve o'clock the minister's wife called him to dinner, and although much inclined not to, he went. "Well, deacon, how have you got on?" said the lady, cheerfully; "that is one of my husband's greatest troubles. I have known him sometimes to spend a whole day in search of an appropriate text without coming to any decision."

The deacon ate his dinner almost in silence. Some new and profound thoughts were working in his brain, and more than once he laid down his knife and fork and felt of that button. In the afternoon he was a little more successful; so much so that he had rejected every subject that he might possibly find interesting and useful but one, and to that one had attached a text, and actually written several pages of the sermon; but it was night, and he must go.

The deacon's wife was a very shrewd as well as a very good woman, and she knew how to do what very many women do not—she knew when not to talk. And this evening, she judged from her husband's countenance, was such a time. They went silently to bed. About half-past twelve o'clock she was awakened by the deacon asking her which of the two texts he repeated she thought would be best for a sermon.

The next morning the deacon complained of a headache, affirming that he had not slept more than two hours the whole night. Nine o'clock found him hard at work again. But, alas! he soon came to fully realize what he had dimly suspected during the night—that he was not familiar with his subject. It was evident that he must do what he had so often heard the minister talk about—he must "read up"; must go through that pile of commentaries, and post up on the subject. But where was the end? Book after book demanded his attention, until the second sun actually went down upon his dreary head and unfinished task.

Once he was inclined to quote largely from these authorities, but a moment's reflection convinced him that would not do. Then he tried to forget the words, and yet remember the substance of their ideas. But this he found a most difficult undertaking. He ate no dinner, complaining that his head ached too severely. At night he was tired, hungry, and disgusted with himself. After supper he sat before the fire-place more than an hour, with his chin upon his hands and his eyes closed; he was thinking. His vest was held together by only one button; the lower one was gone. Finally he raised himself up slowly. A new light shone in his eyes.

"Betsy," he said, "get some paper and ink, and opodeldoc for my back." She placed the writing materials before him, and a cup of liniment by the fire to warm.

"Here, John," he said, addressing his eldest boy, who had just come in from the store where he was clerking.

"Here, John, you are better at writing than I am and my hand is so tired I can hardly hold a pen anyway. Draw up a subscription-paper for the minister to give fifty dollars more a year, and put your father down ten dollars—yes, ten dollars, John. Get up, it's ten dollars. If that man can get up a hundred of them sermons every year he ought to have a thousand dollars. Betsy, a thousand dollars is

a good deal of money; yes, it is; but I say, I know, that the minister earns it, every dollar of it. I don't see for the life of me—and I ought to know—I don't see how a man can write two of them sermons a week. I worked at mine two whole days and got no farther than the text."—*Morning Star*.

## WHAT IS TRUE PLUCK?

In order to obtain a better explanation of the meaning of the word "pluck" than any supplied by the dictionaries, London *Tid-Bits* recently offered a prize for "the best definition." This is the one that won—

Fighting with the scabbard when the sword is broken.

The following are some of the best definitions sent in:

Moral backbone.

Silent endurance coupled with cheerful energy.

The power a man has to say "no" when he knows his wife wants him to say "yes."

The bow from which we shoot the arrows of heroism.

Pluck is that spirit in a man which fails to understand the meaning of despair.

Fearlessness, free from foolhardiness.

The chivalry of Nature's knight-hood.

That which enables one, when fighting against adverse circumstances and knocked down, to rise and try another round.

The heart of a lion in the body of a man.

The best remedy for despair.

The force which converts an ordinary man into a hero.

Honest daring without caring.

An iron tonic for invigorating the nerves.

The absence of fear in the presence of danger.

The stuff that heroes are made of.

The courage to do the right thing at the right moment.

Irrepressible stoutheartedness.

The indomitable "I will" before which the mountains of fear become molehills.

That which keeps a man up when he's down.

The pulse of enterprise.

The offspring of courage and the mother of success.

Moral grit.

Bottled energy opened by the cork-screw of emergency.

## TOO BUSY TO PRAY.

Jesus appears to have devoted himself specially to prayer, at times when his life was unusually full of work and excitement. His was a very busy life; there were nearly always "many coming and going" about him. Sometimes, however, there was such a congestion of thronging objects that he had scarcely time to eat. But even then he found time to pray. Indeed, these appear to have been with him seasons of more prolonged prayer than usual. Thus we read: "So much the more went there a fame abroad of him, and great multitudes came together to hear and to be healed by him of their infirmities; but he withdrew himself into the wilderness and prayed."

Many in our day know what this congestion of occupation is—they are swept off their feet with their engagements, and can scarcely find time to eat. We make this a reason for not praying. Jesus made it a reason for praying. Is there any doubt which is the better course? Many of the wisest have in this respect done as Jesus did. When Luther had a specially busy and exciting day, he allowed himself a longer time than usual for prayer beforehand. A wise man once said he was too busy to be in a hurry. He meant that if he allowed himself to become hurried he could not do all he had to do. There is nothing like prayer for producing this calm self-possession. When the dust of business so fills your room that it threatens to choke you, sprinkle it with the water of prayer, and then you can cleanse it out with comfort and expedition.—*Jas. Stalker*.

MOURNING RAIMENT.—The custom is outworn; it is an anachronism in the nineteenth century. It is un-Christian; it clouds the spiritual significance of the resurrection with the ever present expression of temporal loss. It is cruel; it forces helpless and innocent people into action which entails privation and unnecessary suffering. It is untruthful; it makes false outward show and changes in sentiment. It is essentially vulgar, for it presses private affairs upon public notice; it thrusts claims of fashion and frivolity upon a time which most greatly moves the heights and depths of being, and it forces its superficial worldliness into the fiercest throes that can ever rend human nature? Why, then do we still wear mourning?—*North American Review*.

Every day we see around us in the ministry and in the other walks of life a great many half men, fragments of men. The lack of early training dwarfed and narrowed them. The worst of the matter is that there is now no remedy for them.

Fidelity, good humor and complacency of temper outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make its decay invisible.

## Household.

## HOLIDAY DAINTIES.

**Creamed Walnuts or Pecans.**—Take one cupful of walnut or pecan kernels, and very carefully separate from them every particle of shell. To one scant cupful of sugar add one-third of a cupful of water. Put on the fire, and as soon as it begins to boil test it by dropping it in water. As soon as it is sufficiently cooked to drop in a soft lump instead of spreading out and dissolving, take it from the fire, and allow the candy to grow cool. Then add one teaspoonful of vanilla, and begin to stir it. As soon as the candy loses its transparency and becomes milky looking add the nut kernels, and stir vigorously until each kernel is coated with the creamy sugar. If the nuts stick together, pull them apart, but if the candy is cooked to precisely the right point they will separate of themselves. These creamed nuts are delicious, and are sometimes called "pralines," but the real pralines, which are sold by old colored women on the streets of New Orleans, are very different, and are made as follows:

**Pralines.**—Boil one cupful of brown sugar, a very little butter and one-third of a cupful of water together, until the candy forms a soft lump when dropped in water. Take from the fire, and immediately stir in one-half cupful of pecan kernels. When the candy is a little cloudy looking, pour in spoonfuls on buttered tins so that it will spread out into round flat cakes.

**Stuffed Dates.**—Select soft fresh dates, and remove the stones; into each cavity put an almond, and roll the dates in powdered sugar. The almonds may be blanched if preferred, but if it is intended that they be mistaken for date seeds, it is better to leave them *au naturel*.

**Crystallized Fruit.**—Peel and divide into sections four Tangerine oranges. Also select two or three dozen firm Malaga grapes. Put two cupfuls of white sugar and one-third as much water on the fire in a sauce-pan. Boil to the "thread," that is, until the candy will form threads when dropped from the spoon. Put the candy in a warm place, where it will not boil, and then drop in two or three pieces of the fruit. Carefully lift out with a fork, and put it on a greased plate. Be careful not to stir the candy, as that would make it go to sugar. Put in more fruit, and lift out carefully in the same way. If the candy should begin to sugar, add water and boil until it reaches the same point again. Continue the dipping until all the pieces of fruit are covered with a perfectly transparent and dry coat of candy. Nothing could be prettier than a small cut-glass dish heaped up with these fruits.

—*Good Housekeeping*.

**THE CRANBERRY.**—The cranberry, which is so deliciously acid, is fast replacing the lemon for concocting drinks for the sick, its acid being more delicate. Cranberryade is nectar for the sick; on a hot day is very grateful to the whole family as a beverage. Take a pint of cranberries and add one quart of boiling water, and stew one-half hour in a porcelain-lined dish, then press and strain. Then add to the juice one pound of granulated sugar, and let it come to a boil twenty minutes, skim, and bottle for use. Add a tablespoonful to a glass of water, and you have a deliciously refreshing, cooling drink.—*Nurse*.

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Wednesday, December 28, 1892.

## WINE THAT NEEDS A NEW BOTTLE.

Some of our brethren in Washington were taking, the other day, the size of that movement in the Roman Church which is sometimes called American. Some thought it was quite large, and promises considerable change for the better. Our whilom California co-laborer, Seymour, rather shook his head, and was disposed to think that the recent political landslide was more due to the hierarchy than has been generally estimated. While we are interested in what appears to be a lively spasm of independent thinking among some American Catholics, we conclude that that organization will bear watching for some time to come. No matter how earnest individuals in that communion may be for larger ideas, experience shows that in the long run it is the infallible machinery that wins the victory. A McGlynn may say the bravest words—words so daring that one would think he had burnt the bridge behind him. Yet it need not surprise any one to see him going to Rome, as any meek penitent, and accepting his place assigned him. How many scholars and thinkers have uttered their valiant and conscientious protests, and then, in due time, have made their peace with the Holy See! Not all in vain, to be sure, were those voices raised, even if they became silent so soon. Even the machine, unmovable as it seems, does yield somewhat to the pressure of free mind within. It cannot be in a Republic like this just what it has been in other lands. Even in modern Spain, although a deputation of eight duchesses, seven marchionesses, eight countesses visit the Premier, Sagasta, to induce him to prevent the consecration of a Protestant church in Madrid on Sunday, that official does not quite see his way to please their elect ladyships. Perhaps even the protests of archbishops and bishops may not avail. It is possible that Leo himself may deem it wise to moderate this intense zeal of his subjects, or he may resort to the maxim that what cannot be approved may be "tolerated." There have been some sagacious pilots who have taken some counsel with the popular breezes that have convulsed the Church. The present pilot evidently has this sort of sagacity. He has some equally sagacious advisers in our country who see that there is a spirit abroad under free institutions that needs to be conciliated. There are voters here that must be influenced, indeed, but that influence must be rather delicately employed. There are, perhaps, great political leaders whom it would be a gain to convert; but they need to be assured that the Catholicism to which they are allured is patriotic, and may be extremely democratic indeed. Nevertheless, the hierarchical and sacerdotal system is alien to true liberty. It cannot educate those who will maintain the freest and purest civil life. We would give full credit to the sincerity of those prelates that really desire to bring their Church into more reasonable relations with the true American spirit, but they have undertaken a task which is not very hopeful. Their new wine needs a new bottle.

Some comments by an American minister, a brother denominationally of the Rev. Dr. Pierson, which we find in the *Presbyterian*, contain some hints. The tone of appreciation is strong. Dr. Pierson is attracting large audiences at the tabernacle. His correspondent says: "To me he is the best preacher of the Word I know to the Lord's people, but not to the masses." At a service held on a Thursday evening, intended for the unconverted, he was not simple and he overran the hour. Mr. Spurgeon used to comment on the Scripture reading, and was sometimes wearisome; Mr. Pierson introduces with an explanation the passage, and depends

upon good reading. A young man was asked, "Is Dr. Pierson heard throughout the building?" "Yes; he hasn't got what one would call a nice voice, but he speaks distinctly, and so is heard. He has a lot of the American *twang*, but he's a grand man. What a pity he's not a Baptist!" The same inspiring sight of multitudes at worship, of young men, too, remains as formerly, some five thousand faces turned attentively to the speaker. Considering all the problem, the coming after the king, coming as not a Baptist, as an American, also, the success of Dr. Pierson is remarkable.

When some one representing the Church Building Society asks, "On what ground can 5,000 churches ask the right to vote in the meeting of a Society to which 2,000 of them never contribute?" the question goes further than that particular organization. It needs to be considered in all the consultation that goes on with reference to Congregationalizing the corporations. Should the churches nominate members of the Prudential Committee of the American Board, for example? We answer, Yes. But how would it be with churches which are indifferent to the cause and show their indifference by their lack of gifts—should they be forward in dictating its policy? Should anti-mission Baptists choose the directors of the Baptist Missionary Society? Let it be understood that the reason we do not deem it sensible and fit that the societies should owe their direction to the churches lies in the supposition that every Congregational church is, by the fact of being one, a contributor to the objects for which these societies exist. If not, then there is no claim and no fitness.

We personally take and read a San Francisco daily which, in general, has a very good sense of what news is likely to be counted as of some value and of little shame. But even it considers it necessary sometimes to picture with slight detail the stages in that brutal process by which one human being punnels another for the pleasure of the sight-seeing crowd, and for the opportunity thus given to stake some money on the result. It is presumed that the clubs that are responsible for these performances contain some names that make pretensions to respectability. But the whole business is immoral and criminal, and the paper or the club that caters to it is a participator in the crime. There is too much reason to suppose that Christian men, who have no complacency in this unmanly art, nevertheless fail to speak of it with the intense condemnation that it deserves. Indeed, is it not here that multitudes of Christians fail? They do not utter their strong testimony against wickedness strongly enough.

There is in Philadelphia what is known as the Presbyterian Hospital. Last year 828 patients were admitted; of these the largest number were Roman Catholics—240. The Presbyterian patients numbered one less—239. The remainder were classed among some twenty different denominations, except 33, who were not registered as of any religious persuasion. Yet the funds for sustaining the institution are the gift mostly of the Christians who founded it and gave it its name. All honor to the width of charity with which this institutional bounty is administered! Is it not one illustration among many that denominational names need not narrow the soul? Those critics who see nothing but evil in the convenient distinctions which diversify the churches, may well consider this illustration. We should be glad if there were such a Congregational hospital in San Francisco. The name would not hurt it, and the hospital service would keep the name.

A New York letter in an Eastern exchange declares that the largest audience of men—the emphasis being on men—sembled for religious purposes once a week in that city is a congregation of Hebrews, who are addressed every Saturday by Hermann Warsawiak, a Polish Jew, who was converted in 1887. He is a young man of twenty-seven or eight years, and his addresses have for their continual text, "Who is this Jesus?" The Word is read in Hebrew, but the addresses are in the German language. It is claimed that 6,000 Hebrews are enrolled in the city who are reading the New Testament in Hebrew, and searching to see whether what Christians claim for the man of Nazareth is really so.

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

Another year is drawing to its close, and this is the last issue of THE PACIFIC for 1892. A marked change has come in our office during the months that are gone; he who so finely for so many years gave the annual *resumé* of the year's events has finished his work and gone to his reward. We miss Dr. Benton—our noble, faithful editor-in-chief. Death has entered many other homes around us. Ministers, well known, meet with us no more. Men and women, too many to mention, have gone out from our own circles. We are often reminded, as the years go by, that death is busy by the calls to record the good deeds and strike the familiar names from our subscription roll. The past year has been no exception in this respect. Several who began with THE PACIFIC in the days of their youth have passed away in a good old age. Death has been busy in the great world. Whittier and Tennyson will never more put noblest thoughts in sweetest verse. Spurgeon, the prince of preachers, has preached his last sermon. In other departments of life leaders have fallen—those most prominent in science and art, in the professions and in the business world.

In the governments of the world there have come marked changes in personnel and policy, but not in form. Gladstone, at the head of the Liberals, is again in power in Great Britain; the national election has decided that another party shall be in office, and a different policy shall be tried in our beloved land. Railroads have been stretching away across continents, some in inception and some to completion. Steamships, like fleet greyhounds, have raced across broad and stormy oceans as never before. Cyclones, and blizzards, and strikes, and floods, and fires have destroyed millions of property; but 1892 will go down in history as a year of quite usual business prosperity, certainly in this country. The ground has brought forth abundantly, and varied prices have rewarded the husbandman. The dread scourge, the black cholera, made its appearance in parts of Europe, and carried off some thousands, but its visit is more dreadful in the forebodings of what may be in the coming year than in what has been in the past.

Never has there been a larger or better mission work, both foreign and home; no discord or strife among brethren, or want of confidence in administration, has seriously interrupted the great work of saving a lost world. Heresy is said to have been discovered in prominent schools of the prophets, though not of our order, and the year closes with a famous heresy trial in progress; but the great truths of the Bible were never so dear to so many millions as to-day. And its truths were never believed to be more necessary in their application to the practical, everyday affairs of men. Great cities are to be governed and controlled not by politicians, but by the co-operation of good men, under the banner of the cross.

This coast and this city have received a grand uplift from revivals more or less extensive, attending the labors of his chosen servant, Rev. B. Fay Mills. Other parts of the world, especially Great Britain, have been greatly blessed by the labors of D. L. Moody. The work of these modern Pauls and others like them seems to be more needed and more blessed with every passing year. Our Pacific Coast churches and colleges and seminaries have received needed reinforcements in men and means, so that they close the year in better condition for efficient work than ever before.

Personally, we thank God for unnumbered mercies. He has been far better to us than our deserts. Each passing year gives new tokens of his wonderful forbearance, compassion and love.

The *Occident*, our Presbyterian contemporary on this coast, which has been published at Minneapolis for a time, in connection with other religious papers in that region, has returned to this city. The experiment of a department in a combination East, good as it may be, did not satisfy the subscribers this way; did not fill the bill for a Pacific Coast paper. So "the North and West Company leases The *Occident* for a term of years" to Rev. Dr. W. W. Faris, "he assuming for this term entire responsibility, editorial and financial, in its management." Dr. Faris was the editor before the removal East, and was the editor for this coast after the removal, and no man understands the situation better than he. He promises "to furnish the best home print paper possible with the support furnished." He is an able editor of long experience, and in his undertaking he has our sincere sympathy and good will. With the apathy of the coast constituency and the strong competition of Eastern publications, it is hard work to make our religious home papers live and thrive.

There has been just enough talk about the American Board sending out men who have been ordained and approved by a Council. The Board is responsible for the conduct of those it employs. If its secretaries make blunders and bring the Board into

difficulty the Board is responsible and suffers. If a missionary for any reason fails to fill the place assigned to him the Board suffers. We hope the Board will always be the judge of all the qualifications of those it sends forth. We trust the Board will cease to send out those who have asserted in their ordination vows that they believe and will teach the Westminster Confession. Among the things in that Confession which we do not believe is this (chapter 30, section 2): "To these officers the keys of the kingdom of heaven are committed; by virtue whereof they have power respectively to retain and remit sins both by the word and censures."

Death has come suddenly to some leading business men in this city within the last few days. When Mr. L. L. Baker, one of our foremost merchants, went home from his store one night last week in apparent health, but was reported dead the next morning, the news came like a shock to his acquaintances. "Who will be the next?" was the question of many. Sudden death is not to be deplored if we are ready. But, "I am not ready," says many a man. "I don't want to go." "All I have is here." "The grave is dark and cold." "If there is an hereafter, I have not lived with it in view." "I don't want to die, and I am not prepared." Better get ready! is the warning from these new-made graves. All the time we may ever have is short. We must go from all this wealth and pleasure. Let us not forget this. If Christ is our Saviour, and we are living close to him day by day, we have nothing to fear, and sudden death is a blessing.

Fearful storms in most every direction seem to be the order of the day. The water is very high in the Sacramento Valley and some of the coast valleys. Snow is deep in Oregon and Washington. Gale are on the Pacific, but more severe on the Atlantic, and fearfully cold weather. It is reported that incoming steamers in New York on Monday were covered with ice from the water line to the mast head. Railroads are blocked by great drifts of snow. We have had high wind in this city, and pedestrians in our crowded streets have been in some danger from falling signs; but not much damage has been done. The days are warm, and we have every reason to thank God for his kind, preserving care.

A telegram in the dailies reports that a fight occurred in the State Penitentiary in Jackson, Mich., last Friday, between a convict employed in the trip-hammer department and one of the keepers. A ring was formed and the two men fought to a finish, the keeper getting whipped. The other convicts baffled all attempts of the authorities to break into the ring. That is prison discipline with a vengeance; such a fight could not occur in our State prisons, we believe. But it shows the need of strong prison government, and we are not disposed to find fault with Warden Hale in his trying position.

President Harper of Chicago University has concluded the purchase of the forty-inch lenses made for the University of California, and no time will be lost in the completion of the observatory. The lenses are now in the hands of Alvin G. Clark of Cambridge, Mass., who is under contract to have them in readiness in eighteen months.

The scaffold upon which John Brown was hung, in 1859, is being sent to the Columbian Fair. It has served as a porch to a house in Virginia for all these years, and is in a good state of preservation. Better let it stay where it was, if a man wants such a thing for a porch. We don't want to see it in Chicago. We are one people now.

The Congregational churches of this country have expended in missionary work on the Hawaiian Islands about \$1,200,000, but the word Congregational is not attached to churches or anything on the Islands. Prof. Hyde, the teacher of theology, whose salary is paid by the American Board, says he never uses the word Congregational.

An inter-denominational commission was held at Lewiston, Maine, December 9th, comprising delegates from the evangelical bodies of the State, to prepare a code of comity and a plan of co-operation in Christian work.—*Advance*. [This can be done in Maine as there is but one Presbyterian church in the State.]

The annual meeting of the Eastern Mission Union of Swedish Congregational churches was held in the Swedish Zion Congregational church, Hartford, on Monday, December 12th. This Union is composed of churches in all the New England States, New York and New Jersey.

Monday was well observed in this city as a holiday. A very large number of the stores were closed, especially on the wholesale streets, and all the banks. It was a very quiet day.

## PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 5, 1893.

The resident Congregational pastors of San Francisco have determined to set apart one day of the "Week of Prayer" for united supplication. That day will be Thursday, and Plymouth church, Post street, near Webster, will be the place. Two years ago such a day was observed with great profit, in the First church. The design is the same this year, with the method of execution slightly modified. The pastors unanimously recommend that all the people of our Congregational churches, so far as possible, attend as many hours as they may be able. It is also requested that members of the Boys' Brigade of our churches attend from 7 to 8 P. M., and appear in uniform. If any church hasn't a company of Boys' Brigade, but have a cadet corps or any corresponding club or society, it is hoped that such will attend.

We shall begin the day with a sunrise prayer-meeting from 7 to 8 o'clock. Persons who reside in the Western Addition and cannot attend at any time during the day may be glad of this hour or some part of it, before going down town to their work. There will be no service from 8 to 9 A. M., nor from 1 to 1:45 P. M., nor from 6 to 7 P. M. The hours and topics are:

9 A. M.—"The Descent of the Holy Spirit" (Acts ii: 1-4); leader, Rev. W. D. Williams.

10 A. M.—"The Apostles' Doctrine and Fellowship" (Acts ii: 42); Rev. W. H. Tubbs.

11 A. M.—"The Common Fellowship of Christ" (I John i: 3, 6, 7); leader, 12 to 1 P. M.—"Fellowship in Ministering to the Saints" (II Cor. viii: 4); Rev. H. Hammond Cole.

Recess.

1:45 P. M.—"Fellowship of the Spirit" (Phil. ii: 1, 2); Rev. H. H. Wilkoff.

3 P. M.—"Fellowship of Christ's Sufferings" (Phil. iii: 10).

4 P. M.—"Evil Fellowships" (Ephes. v: 11); Rev. W. C. Pond, D.D.

5 to 6 P. M.—"Results of Fellowship" (I Thess. iv: 1).

Recess.

7 P. M.—"Courage and Prosperity" (Joshua i: 7); Rev. F. B. Pullan.

8 P. M.—"Glorious in God" (Jer. ix: 23); Rev. C. O. Brown, D.D.

Let the people come. Come for one hour, or more. Come expecting a blessing. While it is desirable that persons should come on the hour and remain through the hour, still Christian fellowship implies sanctified freedom, and you may pass in and out at any time. A day of fellowship in prayer; no lunches, no entertainment.

W. D. W.

## CHANGES SUGGESTED.

At the meeting of the Congregational Club on the evening of the 22d inst. in honor of Forefathers' day, the progress Congregationalism had already made was ably reviewed, and prophecies of future growth and expansion of Congregational sentiment were freely made. In response to a call from the chairman, Mr. John McKee, a layman somewhat identified with church work gave utterance, briefly, to the thought that the Congregational churches, in order to fulfill their proper work and carry the gospel message successfully to the masses of the people, must inaugurate a change in their present methods of church work. The time and the occasion forbid anything more than a brief suggestion, but it was an important suggestion, and deserves the study of those who rule in our churches and whose desire and duty it is to see that the Congregational churches shall carry their message to the people. The time has come, and the necessities of the work demand that our church buildings shall no longer be deemed "hallowed ground" in the sense that they shall be opened only for Sunday and mid-week divine services; no longer should such services under the soothing aid of eloquent preaching, charming music and restful upholstery, be considered as chiefly intended for the spiritual edification of the flock already gathered in that fold, and in practice enable the congregation to quietly, and at ease in Zion, enjoy the esthetics of religion. The work of the Master demands service and self-sacrifice. The Congregational churches have a message for the people; to deliver it effectively they must become centers of social as well as church influences, where those within their proper reach may be entertained and instructed in any way proper in itself; the buildings should be kept open as a refuge for any who may seek relief from the assaults of Satan, the temptations of the saloon, or from physical distress. Within the sheltering fold of the church buildings, in addition to regular Sunday-school services, should be provided a n. s. u. a kindergarten, a sewing-class for girls; and manual training for young boys; a free dispensary for women and children, a reading-room, suitable regular entertainments arranged at moderate cost, where all who live within their reach may satisfy their natural desires for rational amusements. These things, and such like work in other directions, will doubtless involve expense and require personal service, but our Saviour said the reason that will be

given for the entrance of any one into a higher service will be:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

It is apparent that the message of the church does not effectually reach the masses of the people, and the suggestion is that the Congregational churches, in order to fulfill their proper destiny, must effect important changes in their methods of church work. M.

## NEWS BRIEVITIES.

The W. F. M. S. now supports 132 missionaries.

Montana has a woman for Attorney-General—Miss Ella Knowles.

The United States florists' bills for last year amounted to \$26,000,000.

A patent baby carriage has netted a California woman over \$150,000.

Granulated cork and bitumen pressed into blocks, is the latest favorite for paving London streets. Its elasticity is its special recommendation.

Governor Fowler of New York has recognized the merit of that grand little woman, Miss Susan B. Anthony, by appointing her Manager of the State Industrial School.

A Grand Jury at St. Louis, Mo., recently created a sensation by indicting some of the leading men and women of that city on the charge of leasing houses for immoral purposes. Served them right.—*Philanthropist*.

It is expected that President Harrison, as soon as relieved from duty at the White House, will take a non-resident professorship in Stanford University, and will deliver a series of law lectures some time during the coming year.

The Edison Electric Light and Power Company has absorbed its only rival, the Electric Improvement Company, and on January 1, 1893, the properties of the latter company will pass *en bloc* under the sole control of the former.

The undersigned, Treasurer of the California Chinese Mission, acknowledges the receipt of the following amounts, from November 10 to December 16, 1892:

|                                                                                                           |          |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| (I) From local missions :                                                                                 |          |
| Fresno Chinese monthly offerings . . . . .                                                                | \$ 10 75 |
| Los Angeles Chinese monthly offerings . . . . .                                                           | 4 00     |
| Marysville Chinese monthly offerings . . . . .                                                            | 4 00     |
| Oakland Chinese monthly offerings . . . . .                                                               | 20 00    |
| Oroville Chinese monthly offerings . . . . .                                                              | 2 70     |
| Petaluma Chinese monthly offerings . . . . .                                                              | 1 80     |
| Riverside Chinese monthly offerings . . . . .                                                             |          |
| \$2 05; annual members, \$2 . . . . .                                                                     | 4 05     |
| Sacramento Chinese monthly offerings . . . . .                                                            | 6 50     |
| San Bernardino Ladies' Missionary Society of the Congregational Church, through W. H. M. U. of South, Cal | 8 00     |
| San Diego Chinese monthly offerings . . . . .                                                             |          |
| \$3 60. Mrs. L. C. Wood, \$5 . . . . .                                                                    | 8 60     |
| San Francisco—Bethany Church: annual members . . . . .                                                    | 7 00     |
| Central Mission monthly offerings . . . . .                                                               | 17 70    |
| West Mission monthly offerings . . . . .                                                                  | 1 75     |
| S. F. Branch Association Christian Chinese . . . . .                                                      | 2 50     |
| Santa Barbara Chinese monthly offerings . . . . .                                                         | 2 25     |
| Santa Cruz Chinese monthly offerings . . . . .                                                            | 4 25     |
| Saratoga Chinese annual members . . . . .                                                                 | 18 00    |
| Stockton Chinese monthly offerings . . . . .                                                              | 4 75     |
| Ventura Chinese monthly offerings . . . . .                                                               | 1 50     |
| Vernonvale Chinese monthly offerings, \$2 50; annual members, \$2 . . . . .                               | 4 50     |
| Total . . . . .                                                                                           | \$134 60 |
| (II) From Eastern helpers:                                                                                |          |
| Andover, Mass.—South Congregational Church, by Geo. Gould, Treasurer . . . . .                            | 20 00    |
| New York—B. Perkins, Esq. . . . .                                                                         | 25 00    |
| Total . . . . .                                                                                           | 45 00    |
| Grand total . . . . .                                                                                     | \$179 60 |

The annual course of medical lectures on health subjects to young men only, will commence in the Young Men's Christian Association Tuesday evening, January 3d, and will be free to all young men. The first lecture will be given by H. E. Sanderson, M.D., on "The Germ Theory of Disease." There will be several lectures in the course, all given by prominent physicians. Extensive preparations are being made for the New Year's Reception at the building, which takes place Monday, January 2d, day and evening.

A correspondent in Japan writes: "You will be pleased to learn that last Sabbath, 4th inst. I had the privilege of hearing Rev. F. E. Clark (Father Clark), who preached in English at the Bancho-no-Kiyokwai, a Japanese Congregational (Kumiai) church. Every seat in the house was filled. Dr. Clark's discourse was translated into Japanese by the pastor, Rev. T. Harada." Tokyo, Dec. 7, 1892.

The all-day prayer and fellowship meetings of this city, mentioned elsewhere, is to enable churches of our order in the vicinity to become better acquainted with each other; to inspire each church to do its utmost to invigorate the spiritual life of the community; and to solidify the work of Congregationalism, and concentrate our forces at different points as the needs of the kingdom may require. W.

A Council met December 7th at Pawtucket, R. I., and recognized the Swedish church recently organized in that place, and also ordained Mr. Ludwig Ellingren as pastor.

## MARRIED.

STURGES—TITTEL.—In this city, December 6, 1892, by Rev. Dr. W. D. Williams, Chas. W. Sturges and Miss Emma Tittel, both of San Francisco.



own vision. I take warning of President Stiles,

Twinsburg is a country town in Ohio. The regular weekly prayer-meeting of this church has been held on Thursday afternoon from the time of its organization in 1823.

nomalism, the present resources and future probabilities. I might point out that we have graduated from the folly of former years, where we gave two thousand churches to a sister denomination! And that so far as the matter of assisting denominational growth is concerned, we are busy housing our own churches and feeding our own children. I could point out that in the very recent years of closer fellowship and in-

ars. If the Christian world wants unity, we  
are organized and waiting for the gracious  
mergency. [Laughter.] This gentle and har-  
monious hum of expectancy which fills the air  
the tardy echo of that song which the stars  
sang together when the Church of Equality  
and Brotherhood was organized. It is the key-  
note of our vaster opportunity and the prophecy  
of our wider growth.

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Our Young Folks.

A Spelling Lesson.

Jackie didn't like his lessons, Hated spelling worst of all; Such a fuss about a letter, If he wrote "I play at bal."

Who would care, except a teacher, For a tiny fault like that? Down went pen, and off flew Jackie, For the postman knocked rat-tat.

Ha! a letter, too, for Jackie, Come from Brighton, Uncle Joe What he needed for his birthday Straight by post would like to know.

No more grumbling now for Jackie, Paper, pen, he called for quick, "Dearest Uncle," wrote while smiling, "I do think you are a brick!"

"Rabbits I am very fond of— The new sort that's rather rare; Mother sends her love and Susie, Can you let me have a pair?"

"Now, goodbye, your loving Jackie," Stamped his foot and tore his hair, Till his teacher softly whispered, "Jackie, how did you spell pair?"

Very red turned Master Jackie, Nothing more had he to say! Uncle Joe had taught a lesson, And—the rabbits came next day.

—Montreal Star.

BENNIE MASON'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

BY MARTHA CALLAHAN HAYWARD.

(Continued.)

As soon as Mr. Mason found that Bennie was safely asleep, he brought into the room hammer and nails, two short strips of wood, and five barrel staves. The barrel staves were quickly nailed to the strips of wood, front and back, two staves on the lower side for runners, and three on the upper side made the solid or top part of a curious sled. Some pieces of old iron hoops were nailed on the runners, and a bit of rope attached to the front—and then it was finished.

Mrs. Mason watched these operations with great interest. When it was finally placed where Bennie would see it as soon as his eyes were open, she exclaimed, admiringly: "Well, I declare! What a genius you are! He will have a fine time as soon as the weather moderates a little, for then we may have some snow."

"Quite likely," replied her husband, "and now let's get to bed ourselves." Christmas morning! Mrs. Mason awoke before light, only to hear the bitter, biting wind still raging around the corners of the house. There was a brisk fire in the stove, for Mr. Mason, sitting near it, declared that he had slept with one eye open in the direction of the coal-box—meaning that he had risen frequently to replenish the fire.

Finally, Bennie's blue eyes opened to find at his side—what was it? "Why, papa—mamma—isn't it funny! Who brought it? Oh, mamma! Is it a sled, and will it go?" "Now, you've hit it exactly, my son!" declared his father, "only I should give it another name. It is what we often used when I was a boy; a bumbuski we called it."

"Oh, ho! what a queer name! I am sure it will be just the thing; almost as good as my sled that I left in Ohio."

"Quite as good on ice or snow; but I'll warn you, Bennie, it won't slide well on bare ground," said his father, with a twinkle in his eye. Nevertheless, the day dragged rather slowly to Bennie. The bumbuski excitement soon died away for lack of opportunity to go out of doors. He helped his mother as he did every day; he tried to go to the stable, but could not face the wind, so he came back to amuse himself as best he could with the picture books and playthings that had grown so old to him.

When, at last, his mother called him to dinner, he had almost a mind to say he wasn't hungry. He didn't believe that Christmas dinner without turkey, pudding, pie, or cranberry jelly could be fit to eat. The nicely browned slices of pork that crowned the dish of baked beans, and the square of golden Johnny cake to be eaten with cream gravy or sweet butter, looked not one bit tempting today; but, ashamed to let his thoughts be known, he sat down, and, finally, ate with what his mother often called "a coming appetite."

The afternoon wore away. About five o'clock Mr. Mason came in from doing the chores. His whiskers were white with frost, and tiny icicles clung to his mustache.

Stamping his feet and chafing his hands, he exclaimed:

"It is all a man can do to get safely to the stable in the teeth of such a wind! It is 26 degrees below zero, now, and it'll be 28 or 30 degrees before it moderates."

"There's a lull in the wind just now, however, and perhaps it will go down with the sun. I'd like to get the mail from the station."

"No, no, you must not think of getting there and back," remonstrated his wife; "you would freeze."

"I might freeze my feet or my nose

he began, when Bennie, who was scraping the frost from the windows, shouted:

"Oh, look yonder!" and just then a voice was heard,

"Hullo, there! are you all dead?"

"That's Ryan's voice!" exclaimed Mr. Mason, "What can he want!" and hurried out.

Mr. Ryan, who kept a small hotel at the station, reined in his horses close as possible to the door. He was muffled to the eyes, having on fur cap, mittens, felt boots, and overcoat; and, over all these, a large gray blanket was securely fastened.

He wound the lines around the brake, then jumped down, and, with Mr. Mason's assistance, lifted out a huge box and carried it into the shed. While this was going on, from a pile of straw, quilts and blankets, emerged Uncle John, Aunt Mary, and two cousins, Anna and Amy. Rosy and smiling, they rushed into the house, and then such a time as there was!

They all laughed and cried together, and then laughed again, only Bennie. He was entirely quiet under the suddenness of the surprise. He had never dreamed of such an ending to his doleful Christmas. He could not feel quite sure that it was not all a dream.

"Bless me!" cried Uncle John at last, "Where is your Christmas feast, sister? We are hungry as bears."

Mrs. Mason looked at her husband, who answered her look by saying:

"Now, John, you know very well what sort of Christmas feasts Kansas affords to a pioneer family, especially when the husband and father has spent his last dollar months ago. But God is good, John, he added reverently, "and the oil and the meal have not wasted."

"Well, well," replied Uncle John wiping his moist eyes: "The Lord hasn't forgotten you; neither have your friends. Hey, Bennie boy, how about Santa Claus and the goodies?" Bennie, who had just taken his bumbuski to show it to Amy, now brought it forward and said, "He didn't get as far as Kansas this year; but papa made me this, and it is 'most as good."

"Most as good as Santa Claus could make, do you mean? Well, I should say, Ed, that you must have been dreaming of the good times we had on old Derry Hill in New Hampshire, when we were little chaps! Now, sister Fanny, just fix up some pork, and Johnny cake, and baked potatoes for supper, and to-morrow we'll have Christmas. We got into town early this morning; but Ryan couldn't fetch us here and get back in the face of such a wind. It's rising again now; but let it blow, we are here, and Ryan is home by this time."

What mattered it to the Masons now that the terrible winter weather was without, or space within was crowded! The poverty remained; but with the coming of these dear friends the sense of loneliness was gone.

When the time came for Bennie and Amy to go to bed, Uncle John said with a quizzical look:

"Now, hang up your biggest stockings, and keep one eye open for Santa Claus. He'll be certain to reach Kansas to-night, though we may have to pardon him for being a day—or night—behind."

So a great search was made for stockings that would stretch well. These Bennie and his "twin cousin," she being only a day younger, tacked up behind the stove. It was a question with the little ones how Santa Claus could possibly come down that small, round flue, which was not at all like any chimney they had seen.

But when, in the grey dawn of morning, they awoke, Santa Claus had certainly overcome all difficulties, for never were seen such bulging stockings; and on a chair near Bennie's bed he saw—a pair of boots just big enough for a boy of his size, a nice overcoat, fur cap and mittens.

The folks must have left the fire to go out so that Santa Claus could get into the room. At any rate, there was no fire, and it was far too cold for Bennie to investigate, except with his eyes; but it was impossible to keep quiet, so he called to Amy in the next room:

"It's all right, hurrah for good old Santa Claus!"

Then he slipped out of bed at the imminent risk of freezing his bare toes, and catching down the stockings, tossed one on Amy's bed, and then cuddled down in his nest, with his own tightly clasped in both arms. Looking at the useful presents on the chair, Bennie thought that grandpas and grandmas are pretty sure to think of useful presents.

Well, if I stop to tell you all about the presents, I shall never get to the Christmas dinner, which wasn't a Christmas dinner, exactly, either. However, it tasted just as good for having to be eaten the next day.

"It's Christmas clear up to New Year," declared Mr. Mason, "and perhaps this dinner will last till then."

It seemed pretty likely that it would, for Mamma Mason and Aunt Mary couldn't begin to use, for even such a meal, all the good things that Uncle John fished out of the big box: Two big turkeys, four chickens, cranberries for jelly and rosy-cheeked apples for pie, crisp nut cakes of Grandma Torrey's own cooking, and frosted cakes from Aunt Madge and

Aunt Kate; while the others, uncles and cousins, had filled in with bonbons, oranges, and sweetmeats which all children love.

Christmas did last until New Year, and so did the weather, so that Uncle John and his family were obliged to stay at Bennie's till it moderated. Thus Bennie passed over the hardest time he ever knew—when the only prospect for Christmas merry-making was pork and beans. All pioneer families were not so fortunate as were the Masons—to have friends come in at last with seasonable gifts. Bennie learned from that experience a lesson which he has not forgotten, though now a grown man—"The poor ye have always."

Busy Little People.

I know some little people, They number twenty-six; They're all such busy creatures And never cut up tricks.

Where'er you go you find them, In church or in a fair, At banquets, balls or parties— Indeed, they're everywhere.

They help make up our dresses, They finish hats and shoes. Without these little people We'd never have the news.

Our reading and our spelling We could not learn, you see. The letters to our grandmas Would never written be.

Those busy little people Join hands and work together. They're toiling in the sunshine And in the cloudy weather.

They teach by their example How well we can succeed, By working all together When in a time of need.

They form a club—the number is— You haven't guessed it yet? Then I will have to tell you: It is the ALPHABET.

—Indian Witness.

IS HE SAFE?

BY LUELLA DOWD SMITH.

It was a pretty picture that we saw one summer afternoon. The bright sunlight fell on the long grasses, and touched the tree-tops on the hill. Little Carl was intently watching for the fish that seemed to be nibbling at the line. The light gleamed on the little ripples of water that danced upward out of the shadows. Cub, the funny little dog, went bounding around the pond, to join his little master.

But Carl's mother did not enjoy the sight. Her first thought was not of the beauty of the day or of the boy. It was the memory of another child as fair as Carl, who sat there once, trying "to catch a big fish for poor, sick mamma."

That child fell down the slippery bank and was drowned in the dark waters. Carl did not know that. His mother did not want to make him sad. But, perhaps, if he had known, it would have taught him to keep away from the slippery places. Perhaps!

The mother did not rest till Carl was playing safely in the door-yard with Cub, who was barking and running for sticks and balls.

The mother thought the child was safe then, and for a little time she gave her mind to other things.

Suddenly the stillness startled her. She called Carl, but she received no answer. At first, half laughingly, all looked for him and for his dog.

There was no sign of either. Then all in the family were alarmed. They searched thoroughly over house and barn, and yards. Then many men were called, the bells were rung in the churches, and all through the afternoon and night the search went on. The pond was dragged, although the mother was sure her little boy would not go there again—"not to-day, anyway." She knew Carl meant to obey her; but sometimes he was naughty, and "forgot."

All that night the lights might be seen moving here and there in the woods. People care so much when one little child is lost! All night the mother watched and waited, and wept and prayed. She suffered a great deal more than Carl. And yet Carl had a hard time, he thought.

In the beginning he threw the ball too far. It went beyond the gate, and he went outside to help Cub find it. Then he threw it again, and they went further and further, till the ball was lost and the boy, too; yes, and, stranger of all, the dog.

Carl did not know that he was lost at first. He kept thinking that when he looked around the next clump of trees he would see the little cottage by the lake, and the patient mother waiting in the doorway for her boy.

So he wandered on and on till he lost his shoes and stockings in the swamp, and the brier scratched his bleeding feet. He lost his hat, too, and his fishing-pole, and "most everything." But the little dog kept close to him. At last the darkness came. He was hungry and afraid. He stumbled over a root, fell down, and rolled under the bushes. Then he cried. The little dog crept into his arms, and licked his face. A faithful dog's love is worth a great deal, and in the darkness Carl had some comfort in knowing that his dog was by his side, and would not desert him.

He was afraid to go further, afraid to scream, almost afraid to open his eyes. He did not even dare to pray aloud, and so, between his sobs, he

whispered his "Now I lay me down to sleep," and "Please, God, take us home to mamma." Then he went to sleep; and the first he knew after that was when the morning light was shining through the trees, Cub was barking, and some men were blowing trumpets and shouting that "the boy is found!"

One man took Carl on his shoulders, and brought him home in triumph to his mother. Poor little mother! She had not slept in all that night; but now, how glad she was! She took her boy and kissed him, and cried for joy.

The bells rang merrily. The men went to their day's work tired, but very thankful that the boy was safe.

Carl was thankful, too. He loved his dog more than ever when he learned that Cub met one of the neighbors who was searching for Carl, and led the way to the place where Carl, hidden by the bushes, was fast asleep.

Carl was glad to eat some bread and milk, and then to take a morning nap in his own comfortable little bed. Cub lay at the foot and watched. I think he was not quite satisfied with himself, because he had not led Carl safely home in the beginning. I think he was saying to himself:

"A little boy does not know any better than to be lost, but a little dog ought to be able to lead him home. I must watch him better, and next time I must take him back before he calls it dark and lies down. I think he ought not to go out of the yard at all without his mamma. Boys are strong and beautiful—like folks; but they are not wise and obedient—like dogs!"—Banner.

HOW TO BRING DOWN A SON.

1. Let him have plenty of spending money.
2. Permit him to choose his own companions without restraint or directions.
3. Give him a latch-key and allow him to return home late in the evening.
4. Make no inquiry as to where and with whom he spends his leisure moments.
5. Give him to understand that manners make a good substitute for morality.
6. Teach him to expect pay for every act of helpfulness to others.
7. Allow him to occupy a seat in church with the boys rather than a pew with his parents.
8. Permit him to regard the Sunday-school unsuitable for boys on the verge of young manhood.
9. Let him spend the Sabbath hours between services on the street.
10. Be careful never to let him hear your voice in prayer for his salvation and spiritual growth.

HOW TO BRING UP A SON.

1. Make home the brightest and most attractive place on earth.
2. Make him responsible for the performance of a limited number of daily duties.
3. Never punish him in anger.
4. Do not ridicule his conceits, but rather talk frankly on matters in which he is interested.
5. Let him feel free to invite his friends to your home and table.
6. Encourage his confidence by giving ready sympathy and advice.
7. Do not discourage "collection manias"; they help to give information and fix habits of investigation and perseverance.
8. Be careful to impress upon his mind that making character is more important than making money.
9. Live Christ before him all the time; then you will be able to talk Christ to him with power when occasion offers.
10. Be much in prayer for his salvation and spiritual growth.—Young Men's Era.

MAKING SUNSHINE.

We can all brighten the world a little for others, if we will. Even a kind word will often scatter the clouds that enshroud some weary, despondent heart. On the other hand, a petulant reply or a cruel criticism may deepen the darkness, and drive the despondent to despair. It is a solemn thing to live in a world where there is so much sorrow, and where Satan is tempting the poor and unfortunate to "curse God and die." You and I, dear reader, may not be able to do much to help and save the multitudes that are walking in darkness, but we are responsible for what we can do, small as it may seem. The thoughtful little girl who placed a candle in the window saved a ship from being wrecked. We can keep a tiny love-light burning wherever we go, and no one can tell how wide-reaching and how blessed its influence may be.—Herald and Presbyterian.

A SECRET FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.—As soon as you see this, without waiting a moment, and without saying much about it to anyone, look about you, and see if you can find something to do for somebody else. To your surprise you will probably have a chance inside of two minutes. No matter what it is, or how trifling or unpleasant it may be, do it. Keep this up until bed time, and you will find that you have had the pleasantest day of your life.—Christian Advocate.

CONGREGATIONAL DIRECTORY. CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRST CHURCH—Southeast corner Post and Mason streets. Rev. C. O. Brown, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1359 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30; Chinese school, 6 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH—Post street, between Buchanan and Webster. Rev. W. D. Williams, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1719 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-schools at 9:30 A. M. and 12:30 P. M.; Christian Endeavor, 6:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

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SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, JAN. 8, 1893.  
EZRA 3:1-13.

## Rebuilding the Temple.

BY REV. E. W. STODDARD.

*Golden Text.*—"They praised the Lord because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid." (Ez. iii: 11.)

## INTRODUCTION.

Our last lesson left the captive people of God on the point of departing from Babylon for the land of their fathers. The four months' journey across the desert was one of exceeding difficulty and danger; yet, so great was their enthusiasm, nothing could deter them from undertaking it. The joy of their return left no room for fear of danger by the way. Several of the Psalms are ascribed to this period, and they are fairly overflowing with exultant joy (cf. Ps. xvi, xlvii, xlviii, xcix, cxxvi, etc. See also Isa xl).

In chapter II is given a list of the families who returned to Judea, together with the amount of their possessions and of their offerings to the temple. Upon their arrival they found for themselves such temporary homes as they could until the time should come for beginning work upon the temple. Very naturally each settled in the city or neighborhood in which his family had formerly dwelt; possibly, in some cases, repairing the ruins of their ancestral homes. (See ii: 70.)

The following may serve as a suitable division of our lesson:

I. Rebuilding the altar (1-3).  
II. Observing the religious festivals (4, 5).

III. Preparing for building the temple (6, 7).

IV. Laying the foundations (8-13).

I. Rebuilding the altar (1-3).

(V. 1.) "The seventh month." Tisri, the seventh month, was one of great importance among the Jews. On the first day of the month was observed a "solemn rest," or Sabbath. On the tenth was "the day of atonement," and on the fifteenth began the great feast of tabernacles, which was continued for seven days. (Lev. xxiii: 24, 27, 34.)

"The people gathered themselves together as one man to Jerusalem."

In accordance with a previous understanding or agreement the people assembled with one accord at Jerusalem, going up from the cities in which they were dwelling. The language suggests the unanimity of purpose and feeling that existed among them. The fire of the enthusiasm with which they set out from Babylon was still burning, and they seem to have been impatiently awaiting the appointed time when they should take the first step toward the accomplishment of their purpose.

(V. 2.) "Then stood up Joshua"—Joshua, or Joshua (Haggai i: 1), was the High Priest, "and Zerubbabel," same as Sheshbazzar (chapter i: 8), the royal leader of the people, "and his brethren," members of the royal family.

There was no delay. As soon as the people were assembled, their natural leaders, the priests and the princes, set about the work of restoring the altar preparatory to sacrificing the burnt offerings, "as it is written in the law of Moses." (Deut. xii: 5, 6 ff.)

"The man of God"—a title of the highest honor, testifying to the faithfulness and humility of him who bore it.

(V. 3.) "Set the altar upon its base." The new altar was built upon the foundations upon which the altar of David and Solomon had rested. (Josephus, Ant. XI: 4:1).

"For fear was upon them, etc."—fear that they would be hindered in their work by the people of the surrounding country. It is interesting to notice the effect of their fear. It did not lead them to abandon their purpose, but to carry it out as speedily as possible. They were afraid for their work, and not for themselves. Upon the altar thus erected they offered the morning and evening offerings appointed for each day (Ex. xxix: 38-42). The entire significance of this return was religious, and not political. The people's sole desire was to return to the worship of Jehovah; hence, the temple was their first thought, and the erection of the altar their first work. It was not until these were completed that they turned their attention to repairing the ruins of the walls and dwellings of the city. We too often begin at the other end, and build our homes and our city before attending to the worship of God.

II. Observing the religious festivals (4-5).

First came "the feast of trumpets," held on the first day of the month, during which "no servile work" was done. Immediately after this feast, we must suppose they set about building the altar in order to have it ready for the day of Atonement, which came on the tenth, and was a day of penitence and sacrifice for sin. On the fifteenth came the great feast of tabernacles, or ingathering, which Dear Stanley says "was fitly the birthday of the new city." It was the most joyous of the Jewish festivals, being a harvest festival of thanksgiving. The burnt offerings were very numerous. Two rams, fourteen lambs and a kid were offered each day for a sin offering. Of bullocks there were seventy offered during the feast,

thirteen on the first day, twelve on the second, eleven on the third, and so on, reducing the numbers by one each day, until the seventh, when seven were offered.

(V. 5.) After the feasts were over, the regular offerings were made, day by day, and the other feasts observed as they occurred. "Of the new moons," see Num. xxviii: 11 ff. "All the set feasts"—the Passover, Pentecost, etc. "Freewill offering" in acknowledgment of the divine favor in granting prosperity, etc. (Deut. xvi: 10-17).

III. Preparations for building the temple (6-7).

Their preparation were of two kinds: 1. *Spiritual.* The erection of the altar quickened their zeal, and moved them to urge on the work with increased religious fervor. Work begun with prayer and worship is well begun.

2. *Material.* (V. 7.) Prayer is good, but, if effective, it must be accompanied by works. The people prayed first, and then gave money to pay the carpenters and masons among their own number, and provisions to exchange for the labor of the men of Tyre and Sidon (cf. II Chron. ii: 10).

IV. Laying the foundations (8-13).

(V. 8.) "Now, in the second year," etc. The preparatory work occupied seven months, so that it was in the second month of the second year of the return before they were ready to begin the actual work of building. A weary time of waiting it must have been for those who were not actively engaged in making the preparations. At last they were ready to begin, and none need remain idle for want of something to do. All joined in the work, led by Joshua and Zerubbabel. (V. 9) The Levites, with Joshua (not the High Priest) and Kadmiel at their head, were appointed to oversee the work. "The sons of Judah." See ii: 40, where they are called the "sons of Hodaviah" (comp. Neh. vii: 43). Hodaviah and Henadad were probably heads of other Levitical families.

(V. 10.) "Laid the foundations"—an achievement which justly filled them with joy, and was signalized by the first attempt at ceremonial display they had ventured to make. Asaph, one of the leaders of David's choir, to whom tradition has ascribed the authorship of several Psalms. The office was either hereditary, or else Asaph was the founder of a school of musical leaders and composers who were called, after him, "the sons of Asaph." "After the order of David." (See I Chron. xv: 16-22.)

(V. 11.) "And they sang one to another"; i. e., responsively. They seem to have adopted the song which David sang when he brought the ark to Jerusalem (I Chron. xvi: 34). The portion of the song given in our lesson appears in Psalms cvi, cvii, cxviii and cxxvi.

(Vs. 12, 13.) "But many," etc. The rejoicing was not universal. Mingled with the joyful shouts of the multitude were heard the lamentations of the old men who had seen the glory of the former temple, and contrasted it with the present comparatively insignificant beginning. The inferiority of the new temple was not in size (Ez. vi: 3; cf. I Ki. vi: 2), but in splendor, and because it did not contain the Ark and other sacred treasures of the first temple. Our sympathy is with the young people, who rejoiced, more than with the old people, who wept. Time enough had been spent in lamenting the loss of the old temple; it was now time to rejoice in the prospect of a new one, even though it should be less gorgeous. One's feelings, however, depend entirely upon his point of view; yet even that is a matter not entirely beyond his control.

This lesson might be made a sort of parable, the building of the temple serving as a type of the spiritual building upon which each of us is at work, and which is to be the dwelling of the Holy Spirit. With this thought in mind, dwell upon the preparation necessary for such building, the foundation upon which it is to be laid, the enthusiasm with which the work should be carried on, the opposition to be overcome, the end which it is to fulfill, etc.

Religion, among the returned Jews, was the main business of life. Get the pupil to ask himself whether the same is true in his case.

## LESSONS FOR 1893.

## FIRST QUARTER.

Jan. 1: "Returning from the Captivity." (Ezra i: 1-11.)

Jan. 8: "Rebuilding the Temple." (Ezra iii: 1-13.)

Jan. 15: "Encouraging the People." (Hag. ii: 1-9.)

Jan. 22: "Joshua the High Priest." (Zech. iii: 1-10.)

Jan. 29: "The Spirit of the Lord." (Zech. iv: 1-10.)

Feb. 5: "Dedicating the Temple." (Ezra iv: 14-22.)

Feb. 12: "Nehemiah's Prayer." (Neh. i: 1-11.)

Feb. 19: "Rebuilding the Wall." (Neh. iv: 9-21.)

Feb. 26: "Reading the Law." (Neh. viii: 1-12.)

March 5: "Keeping the Sabbath." (Neh. xiii: 15-22.)

March 12: "Esther Before the King." (Esther iv: 10-17; v: 1-3.)

March 19: "Timely Admonitions." (Prov. xxiii: 15-23.)

March 26: First Quarterly Review.

## Miscellany.

## Hymn for the Lord's Supper.

We take the living bread,  
Jesus, as thou hast said,  
In memory.  
The blessed cup we take,  
Dear Master, for thy sake,  
And think of thee!

We think of all thy way,  
From Bethlehem's bed of hay  
To Calvary.  
Yes, till the parted skies  
Receive thee from our eyes,  
We follow thee.

O Christ, what love divine  
Is in this cup of wine,  
This broken bread!  
For us thy flesh was torn,  
For us the cruel thorn  
Did pierce thy head!

Our sins wrought all thy woe:  
Our hatred pierced thee so,  
And broke thy heart!  
And yet thou dost forgive—  
Dost bid us come and live—  
How good thou art!

Oh thou, the Living Bread!  
Now let our souls be fed!  
Be in us, Lord!  
Give life and power divine,  
Nourish our hearts with wine—  
Wine of thy word!

—D. M. Henderson.

## EGYPT'S TEMPLE BUILDERS.

In his record of "Ten Years' Digging in Egypt (1881-1891)," recently written, Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie sheds much interesting light on the ancient pyramid and temple builders: "Tools are needed as well as labor; and the question of what tools are used is now settled by evidence, to which modern engineers cordially agree. I found repeatedly that the hard stones, basalt, granite, and diorite, were sawn; and that the saw was not a blade, or wire, used with a hard power, but was set with fixed cutting points—in fact, a jewelled saw. These saws must have been as much as nine feet in length, as the cut runs lengthwise on the sarcophagi. One of the most usual tools was the tubular drill, and this was also set with fixed cutting points; have a core from inside a drill hole, broken away in the working, which shows the spiral grooves produced by the cutting points as they sunk down into the material; this is of red granite, and there has been no flinching or jumping of the tool; every crystal, quartz or felspar, has been cut through in the most equable way, with a clean, irresistible cut. The lathe tools were fixed, in modern times, to sweep regular arcs from a center; and the work is fearless and powerful, as in a flat diorite table with foot turned in one piece, and also surpassingly delicate, as in a bowl of diorite, which around the body is only as thick as stout card. The great granite sarcophagi were sawn outside, and hollowed by cutting rows of tube drill holes, as may be seen in the great pyramid. No doubt much hammer-dressing was also used, as in all periods; but the fine work shows the marks of just such tools as we have only now re-invented. We can thus understand far more than before how the marvelous works of the Egyptians were executed; and further insight only shows plainer the true skill and ability of which they were masters in the earliest times that we can trace."

Among the ruins of the temples at Tanis, where a series of highly important discoveries were made, the excavators found an ancient stele or memorial table, such as in early times were used as memorial stones, or tables in monuments. Mr. Petrie writes:

"Tanis is a great ring of mounds, around the wide plain in which lie the temple ruins. And the first day I went over it I saw that the temple site was worked out; the limits of the ruins had been reached, and no more statues or buildings should be hoped for, by the side of what was already known. But such was the large expectations about the site that I had to prove the case by a great amount of fruitless trenching in all directions. The only monuments that we unearthed were far out of the temple, in a Ptolemaic shrine; this contained a fine stele of Ptolemy II and Arsinoe, which were entirely gilt when discovered, and two or three other steles, the recesses containing the large stele flanked by two sphinxes. The stele and sphinxes are in the British Museum."

"But though digging was not productive in the temple, yet I found two important monuments which had been exposed by Mariette's excavations, and yet were never noticed by himself, De Rouge, or others who studied the remains. One was a part of an obelisk of the thirteenth dynasty, with an inscription of a king's son, Nehesi, perhaps the son of the king Nehesi-Ra. The other was the upper part of the well-known stele of Tirhaka. This I found lying face up; and on searching every block of the same quality of the remainder turned up the lower half, which Mariette hid; thus the unknown led to the known."

"This earliest civilization was completely master of the arts of combined labor, of masonry, of sculpture, of metal-working, of turning, of carpentry, of pottery, of weaving, of dyeing, and other elements of a highly organized social life; and in some respects their work is quite the equal of any that has been done by man-

kind in later ages. Though simple, it is of extreme ability; and it is only in resources, and not in skill, that it has ever been surpassed. Certain products were then scarcely, if at all, known, and it is in the application of these that the civilization of later times shows a difference. No metal was used except copper, and hence flint was largely needed. And glass was probably unknown, although glazes were in use. But in most other respects the changes of later times are rather due to economy of production and an increased demand or cheap imitations.

In the period from the eighteenth to the nineteenth dynasty, the art of glazing was much developed, and attained a brilliancy and variety of coloring and a boldness of design which was never again reached, except perhaps by orientals in medieval times.

## A THRILLING GHOST STORY.

When the Hon. Robert Curzon was in Egypt he prevailed on a Coptic carpenter to show him the carefully concealed library of a ruined Coptic monastery near Thebes. Mr. Curzon was to go alone at night with the carpenter to the tomb where the precious treasure was concealed. The son of the carpenter made the third member of the party.

Stumbling over ruins, among low hills and narrow valleys, the howl of the hyena often in their ears, at last they came to something like a gravel pit in which was the entrance to an ancient tomb.

Into this tomb, covered with hieroglyphics, they went, and the carpenter produced the books, eight or nine in number, all brown and musty.

With their candles stuck in the ground, Mr. Curzon and the carpenter, who could read both Coptic and Arabic, proceeded to examine the contents of the books.

While poring over them they thought they heard a noise, but the carpenter said, "No one knows of this tomb or of the holy manuscripts it contains. There can be nothing here to make a noise. Are we not here alone a hundred feet under the earth, in a place where no one comes?"

So they returned to the examination of the books.

Suddenly a roar as of a hundred wild beasts seemed all around them. It ceased, but began again as if legions of infernal spirits were let loose. Mr. Curzon and the carpenter jumped from the ground; the carpenter's son, in his terror, stumbled over the great manuscript, fell upon the candles, and put them out in a moment. His screams were added to the terrible uproar which resounded through the cave.

Seeing a star twinkle through the vista of the two outer chambers, all three ran for their lives, their fright increasing to desperation when they perceived that something was chasing them, while the roar seemed to increase every moment.

No sooner had they reached the open air than the evil one came forth in bodily shape and stood revealed in the pale light of the newly risen moon.

"Father," said the carpenter's son, after a moment's silence, "if that is not old Fatima's donkey, which has been lost these two days; it might have starved to death but for our finding it to-night."

Mr. Curzon goes on to say that "on some foundation like this many well-accredited ghost stories may have been founded. The echoes of the subterranean cave so altered the sound of the donkey's bray that I never should have discovered that these fearful sounds had so undignified an origin.—Indian Witness."

## FAITH IN CHRIST.

The argument against faith, as an offence to reason, or as being insignificant when there is evidence, and absurd when there is not, is already ended. We discover that we cannot do even the commonest acts of intelligence without some kind of faith. What is wanted just here in the case of faith in Christ, and what also is justified, and even required, by the facts of his life is a faith that goes beyond the mere evidence of propositions or propositional verities about Christ, namely, the faith of a transaction, and this faith is Christian faith. It is the act of trust, by which one being, a sinner, commits himself to another being, a Saviour. It is not mind dealing with notions or notional truths. It is what cannot be a proposition at all. But it is being, trusting itself to being, and so becoming other and different by a relation wholly transactional. It is the committing his life to this other being, there to be rested, guided, molded, governed, and preserved forever. We commit ourselves to the Lord Jesus by an act of total and eternal trust, which is our faith.

The matters included in this act, on the surrender of our mere self, are the craving to live from our own point of desperate will, a complete admission of the mind of Christ, a consenting to be modulated by his motives and aims, and to live, as it were, enfolded in his spirit. There is in this faith of salvation a complete bathing of the trusting soul in Christ's own love and beauty.—Horace Bushnell.

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# Southern California.

THIS page of THE PACIFIC has been devoted by the publishers to Southern California interests, and is edited by Rev. H. P. CASE, Rev. J. T. FORD, and President C. G. BALDWIN. The Southern office is located at Claremont, Los Angeles county, Cal. Address all matter to C. G. Baldwin.

## GENERAL NOTES.

The editors of this page would like to have some word from every church in our list frequently. At times a week passes without such word coming in. At such times the editors will exercise their privilege to give undue prominence to some special things. This week has been a dry week for notes from churches, and so college items of general interest have larger space than is customary, and more general matter finds a place.

Santa Monica sends in its list for THE PACIFIC this week; others have added to their lists. Pasadena sends in the largest list as yet. Others are gaining. The hope is a PACIFIC for every Congregational family in Southern California, that we may be one in sympathy and mutual helpfulness.

The Year-Book of the Young Men's Christian Association of California, lately issued, contains an excellent report of the State Convention at Pasadena. It contains much matter of interest to thoughtful men. The State Committee should employ the most able executive officers, as the work is of the greatest importance. We are glad to note that Harry Hillard of Berkeley is to be College Secretary. His visits are stimulating, and his personal work with individual students is very valuable.

All who knew Dr. Isaac Fellows will read with interest the beautiful notice of his death prepared by Mr. Ford, and found in another column of this page. We little thought as we met him on the street a few weeks ago that it would be the last time our eyes should look upon him.

A beautiful piece of work—from a literary standpoint and from the point of view of the printer's art—has been gotten out by the ladies of our First church in Los Angeles, printed by T. T. Jones & Sons of Los Angeles. A booklet in the style of Professor Drummond's monographs has been gotten up, entitled "Buckles for the Armor." It is a beautiful gift to young or old. In it is inspiration for many lives—beautiful illustrations of great truths. These gems extend over nearly fifty beautifully printed pages, and are a hundred or more in number. A few of the gems will be found on this page. We hope to be able to announce the price of the book next week. They are all taken from unwritten sermons of Dr. Hutchins. His portrait forms the frontispiece of the book.

J. A. Dole, the president of the Electric Company at Pomona, has returned from an extensive trip East. He reports favorably as to arc lights on incandescent circuits, upon cooking devices and heating radiators. This is of great consequence to a water-power plant, for day use of power will be entire profit, or nearly so, and will enable the company to give cheaper lights. Small motors to be run from the lighting circuits are not wholly satisfactory as yet.

## CHURCH NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The church at the Needles is finishing its house of worship. Rev. Overton, the new pastor, was in Los Angeles the 23d, purchasing the necessary material.

Wednesday night, the 22d inst., Superintendent Ford organized a church of twenty-four members at Bloomington. This vigorous plant has had the fostering care of Rev. E. R. Brainerd, who will push forward the building-up of a church within the next six months.

Sunday, December 18th, General Missionary Brainerd opened a new work in the prosperous colony of Etiwanda, twelve miles west of San Bernardino. Work in this field by other denominations seems to have been abandoned. The outlook is toward the harmony of all elements in a Congregational church.

The Ladies' Home Mission Society of the First Congregational church, Los Angeles, sent a barrel of clothing and good things to the Indian school at Temecula for Christmas.

The Christian Endeavor Society of Olivet church, Los Angeles, has carpeted the social room, and otherwise made it attractive. Evangelist Potter is soon to hold a series of meetings with this church.

December 1st, Rev. George Morris sent into the church at Avalon a resignation of his pastorate, to take effect at the end of the year. A few days later the church, at a special meeting, voted not to accept the resignation. But, on further statement of reasons by the pastor, this vote was reconsidered and the resignation accepted. Brother Morris has been pastor of the church since May, 1890. During this time the church building has been completed and improved, and the pastor has ministered most acceptably not only to the resident population of the island, but also to the crowds resorting thither in summer.

Rev. C. O. Crawford is temporarily supplying the church in San Luis Obispo.

Rev. H. B. Higby, D.D., closes his

year of service with the church at Sierra Madre, December 25th.

The church urges him to remain longer, but his wife, for whose health he came to California, has made no gain of late, and he feels that he must try a change. It will not be easy to fill his place.

The church at Needles finds it too cold to maintain service in its unfinished church, and must have its doors and windows, or be without a congregation. It is making strenuous efforts to secure the needed shelter without delay.

The special meetings held by Rev. J. D. Potter closed on Thursday evening, Mr. Potter preaching his last sermon the evening previous. The meetings have been largely attended, and of great interest to the community. The vital themes of the gospel have been presented with simplicity and faithfulness. Some of Dr. Potter's sermons have been delivered with great power, notably the one on Tuesday night, to men, upon "Bible Morality." Quite a number have commenced a Christian life, and the churches have been moved to put on new life and activity. South Riverside will long retain in kindly remembrance the name of this servant of God.—*South Riverside Bee.*

Rev. L. F. Bickford, formerly a pastor in Southern California, sends us a catalogue of the Daniel Baker College, Brownwood, Tex. The school seems prosperous, and we find Mr. Bickford occupying the chairs of mathematics, metaphysics and voice culture.

Chaplain Parker, who is at San Diego, and a good worker in the First church there, has had large experience in academies of science; no less than three state organizations now flourishing owe their existence to his labors. This State has no State academy, and Chaplain Parker is at work to organize one. We wish him success.

The Perris ladies of our Congregational church have arranged a very attractive New Year's entertainment, and have gotten out a very successful programme—both artistic and business-like. The advertising element must have realized a large sum. A parishioner at South Riverside, in a personal letter, mentions Dr. John Potter's work there in very cordial terms. He says: "It has seemed as though he turned the light from heaven down upon us. We have been happily united in God's love, and God's blessings have been showered down upon us."

Rev. S. H. Wheeler, who was assistant pastor of our First church in Los Angeles in the early days of real estate movements, and did so nobly the work of finding out Congregational families and bringing them into the church in throngs, is with us again. He now comes with his wife and daughter to make this his home, and hopes to bring all the Wheeler stock to this county, which seems to him the most favored place in the world. We are glad to welcome back a brother of such character, and we shall all know him soon. His address just now is Redlands.

Miss Anna Price, daughter of Rev. F. M. Price, of the Bethlehem Mission, Los Angeles, was married December 20th to Mr. G. I. Foster of Los Angeles.

Mr. Shiras, brother-in-law of Ira D. Sankey, conducts very helpful Bible-readings at Mentone, and leads our Bible-class in the Sunday-school during his winter's sojourn.

## COLLEGE ITEMS.

The College Glee Club sing Thursday night, December 29th, at Ventura, and Friday night at Santa Barbara, and have been invited to sing at Hotel Raymond Saturday night, and to spend Sunday and Monday there as guests of the house. From there they go to Orange for Monday night, and Buena Park for Tuesday. The College is proud of its Glee Club. Every man is a Christian and a gentleman, and we do not fear that they will indulge in any excesses. They sing well, and are thus a credit to Pomona College.

The students have left for the holiday vacation. Some new students will join the ranks next term. We shall open the new building and find ourselves with ample room. Now we need the co-operation of every pastor to send to us young men and women who shall be the material for good men and women in the world's work. We can now provide for many more than ever before.

Oberlin athletics were at a discount last year, and the alumni were discouraged about it, for they wanted Oberlin to rank well all along the line. This year the football team has won every game, defeating even the University of Michigan on their own grounds. This is entirely proper. A good, brave heart, and a sound body and a clear head, should be exalted in Christian colleges, and ought to be above average there. A master mechanic says that he has found that tobacco diminishes power to do by from one to two hours

per day. The temperate habits inculcated at Oberlin should have their influence on the athletic field. But athletics need to be watched. When a college of five hundred students finds that the oratorical contest has lost its interest because of enthusiasm for football, a halt should be called. One of our colleges in a Western State—one of the best we have—found that the student-gathering to elect an orator for the State contest was attended by only twelve students, and the orator was elected because sufficient interest could not be aroused in a home contest.

A kindly remembrance of our work comes from Rev. Dennis Goodsell of Murphys, Cal. Such unsolicited help is very welcome. Rev. R. R. Lloyd of the Seminary is also watching for our interest; and has lent his aid in bringing in new students. How many friends Pomona College has, and how large a total effect would be the sum of the little we all could say and do.

Senator Stanford has offered to build chapter houses for all Greek-letter fraternities at Stanford University.

On the contrary, President Harper of Chicago University, addressed the body of students upon the secret societies as follows: "In the opinion of your faculty—and I address now the undergraduates—if you would do what in their opinion is the wisest thing, you would not organize secret societies. You will remember, too, that the men who have voted this are, many of them, members of the very societies which will be organized here, if any are organized. They have lived in institutions in which the societies have flourished. They have seen in their own lives their evil effects."

The outfit in material and apparatus for the chemical laboratory has been ordered from the Henry Heil Chemical Company of St. Louis. It contains all the matter necessary for excellent work in the first year of chemistry. Prof. Hitchcock's experience in furnishing the laboratory of the State Agricultural College at Pullman, Wash., now serves us well.

A catalogue just received from a sister college contains the rank of every student, hundredths and fractions. No doubt it stimulates, but is it healthful?

The marking system in Pomona College has been carefully studied, and it has been concluded that the old literal system should be abandoned. A student's record will be either "very good," "good," "fair," "passable" or "unsatisfactory." There will be no fine shading into hundredths, and anxious rivalry to shade a little higher than others. This policy has thus far been practically carried out by not taking much notice of marks. We believe that health and character are both damaged by the competitive system of marks.

After considerable deliberation, the trustees of Tufts' College have admitted women to the same privileges. William M. Rice of New York, a former resident of Houston, Tex., has given \$200,000 in cash, and 9,000 acres of land, worth about \$150,000, to found a college in Houston. Work will be commenced at once on the erection of buildings. Instruction in all departments will be free.

## "NOT ON THE MAP."

"I don't think God Almighty knows where B— is; I don't believe it is on His map."

It was the not very reverently expressed opinion of a railroad man whom I recently met in my visit at the above-mentioned place. "The first sermon preached in this place in the six years I have been here, except by a Catholic priest," said another to me at the close of our well-attended service in their new schoolhouse last Sunday night.

It did almost seem as if B— had been left off from God's map. That railroad's expression was a growing conviction, perhaps an accepted one, in not a few of the hearts of the dwellers in that desert village. A hundred souls—one-fourth of them children—living month after month and year after year in that desert valley, seemingly forgotten of both God and man! Nothing in the surroundings would lead a soul—unless an Arab of the Sahara—to "look through nature up to nature's God." Little in man's relation to his fellow would intimate that God was in the habit of visiting the community. So far as God is represented by the ministers of His Church, His absence, certainly, had been conspicuous. Herein is food for thought; perhaps for action.

My irreverent friend emphasized an unpleasant fact, namely: Certain parts of our Southern California do not seem to be on the maps of the various denominational Missionary and Church Extension Societies. Along the Mojave valley, as it leaves the mountains and flows northeast, losing itself in the great desert, in a distance of seventy-five miles, are six small communities—school districts,

postoffices, all, save one, railroad stations. In these are living at least seven hundred souls, about one hundred and fifty being children. In none of these places are there regular pastoral or preaching services. In four places Sunday-schools are maintained with more or less energy, depending almost wholly upon the faithful labors of a few godly women. Most of the men are too busy mining, ranching or railroading, or too conscious of spiritual unfitness to take any responsible part in such simple religious services as the Sunday-school.

This failure to put them on, or to keep them on, the missionary map of the Church is criminal neglect. Said one ranchman to me, "I was once a member of a Congregational church, but I've seldom seen a preacher of any denomination these six years, and I'm away off now." Said another: "I was raised religious; parents, brothers and sisters are in the Baptist church in Canada; but I have prospected over this desert these years without hearing a sermon, and I am a 'lost sheep' surely." Said another: "Back in the States I used to give money to the missionary collections of my church, supposing it was to help such needy fields as this; but my church has never spent a dollar in sending a preacher down this valley, although I have more than once written requesting one to come."

Surely, such neglect is unchristian. Our Congregational missionary forces escape the charge, it is true; yet, not wholly. We had a missionary pastor, but failing health silenced him six months ago.

Here is a field calling for a pastor and preacher. It is a "loud call," also. It comes from seven hundred sinning, sorrowing, dying souls. It calls to a parish not of fame, but obscurity; not of wealth, but poverty; not of delightful scenery, but of draught and desert. It calls for a man—a whole man, not a health-seeker. A man with a physique that would enable him, if necessary, to tramp the mountains with the prospectors, break rock with the quarrymen, ride a broncho with the ranchmen, or travel day and night with the sleepless railroader, and yet a man with a mind and a heart. Men are thinking out there in the loneliness of nature, and they find sorrow and death overtaking them. The man who, with faith in the old, ever new, gospel, love to God and man, walks close with Christ, and yet has tact to reach men who are seemingly unreachable—such a man will find his vocation, and his crowning in years of toil, handpicking souls on the Mojave Desert. Behind such a man should stand somebody's missionary treasury guaranteeing as good a salary as to the missionary of Japan.

The missionary to the Mojave Desert will have a more difficult work than he who goes to Japan. More real heroism is required here than there. Is there no more hero-stuff left? Not enough for one more missionary to Southern California? "Inside" are the 200,000 among orange groves and rose bowers, and to them minister 300 preachers of the "Good Shepherd" gospel! "Outside" are a thousand, or two thousand, existing "mid cactus groves, and smitten by sandblizzards, and shepherdless!"

"Out on the desert He heard a cry  
So feeble and helpless and ready to die."  
You know what He did. What will you do about it? H. P. C.

## THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN.

Los Angeles mourns the loss of Dr. Isaac Fellows, who died of apoplexy, December 15th, aged 57 years.

He was born at Hanover, N. H., July 8, 1835. At the age of 19 he entered Dartmouth College, but on account of ill health discontinued his course there at the end of the freshman year. For about seven years he was a teacher in Wisconsin and New Hampshire. On the 1st of January, 1862, he married Miss Emma Howe, daughter of Joseph Howe, and soon after settled in Vineland, N. J. There he engaged in real estate business, took an active part in public affairs, and held the office of township trustee. In 1864 he removed to Chicago, and later began the study of medicine. He graduated as M. D. from the Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital in 1876, practiced for a short time in Chicago and in Fairfield, Iowa, and came to Los Angeles in 1878, making choice of that city as his future home. He was one of the originators of the Homeopathic Medical Society of Los Angeles county, and has served it as its President.

He was held in high esteem for his medical skill, was often called as counsel in difficult cases, and had for many years a very extensive and laborious practice. But he will be especially held in affectionate remembrance for qualities which made him, like Luke of old, "the beloved physician." His genial presence, his sincere and unaffected sympathy with the suffering, his generous ministrations to the poor, his faithfulness to those who placed their lives in his

hands, have given him a home in many hearts. His coming into the sick room was like the entrance of a beam of sunshine. It brought good cheer. His presence was a benediction. The patient was already better when he left. Probably no physician in the city has been more beloved than he; no one, whose loss would be mourned in so many homes. He was like a member of the family in the houses where he ministered. He had a long beneficiary list. When his practice became too great for him, he is said to have dismissed patients well able to pay, that he might continue to serve the needy. When it was proposed by members of the profession to establish a free dispensary, where the poor could be prescribed for without pay, he said: "Gentlemen, we can do this work better ourselves—each one in his own practice. It will be better for them, and better for us. If any one needs medicine, let us not treat him coldly and turn him away empty because he has no money to pay." This counsel was in accord with his own long-continued practice.

He was a member for many years of the First Congregational church of Los Angeles, and, later, of the First Presbyterian church. In his early Christian life he was active in church work—in the Sunday-school and in the Young Men's Christian Association—but as his practice increased, his Christian work was done rather in the daily rounds of his professional life. In brotherly kindness he was like the Great Physician, who came to be a brother to us all. A beloved brother in many homes, he was also in the inner circle of his private life a beloved husband and father. There were few homes so happy as his was.

The old home of his childhood was much in his mind. For many years he had talked of breaking away from the cares of his profession, and visiting it once more. The time came at last when, for health's sake, he must be released from his burdens, and he seized it to renew acquaintance with the scenes and companions of his boyhood.

He came back, his health not improved, to wait only a few days here. The last morning he felt better, and walked out three or four blocks. After his return, he talked hopefully with his wife of recovery, but later in the day, walking across the room, she noticed that his step was unsteady, and helped him to the bed. He said, "I'm so sorry, Emma, so sorry"—and could speak no more. In these last words, uttered as he felt the shock come upon him, he seemed to be thinking, not of himself, but of the care and grief to come upon her.

Before going East he said, "I'm going to take a good long rest." He found the rest not so much at the old home in New Hampshire, but rather, a little later, in the eternal home—the rest that remaineth for the people of God. J. T. F.

## A FEW SELECTIONS FROM "BUCKLES FOR THE ARMOR."

BY DR. R. G. HUTCHINS.

"In estimating their own character men are wont to enumerate their assets, but to forget their liabilities. Deduct from the assets of the self-complacent Pharisee the amount of his liabilities, and you will not leave him morally opulent."

"Mr. Emerson says that the innermost in due time becomes the outermost. The only safe thing for a man is to be honest down to the very depths of his being, and then he can trust the tips of his fingers and the tip of his tongue to be honest."

"The truest culture both for children and for adults is that which is received by spiritual respiration and absorption from the atmosphere about a noble character. The English bulldog, transferred to the warmth of India, loses half the fierceness of his native qualities."

"In the piercing light of the nineteenth century, I would not hold religious views that are unintelligible or indefensible. If the doctrines I cherish can be disproved I will abandon them. It would wrench me away from all my past life and associations, it would take me from spiritual companionship of a multitude of the best and noblest men on the face of the earth. It would cloud all my hope, of a future life; but I will abandon them, for nothing shall ever make me cling to a lie. I have it fixed in my heart, and no man can shake the belief, that a lie shall bear always only the fruits of Sodom."

"A great deficiency in our times is the lack of the recognition of sin. We attribute moral failures to infirmities of the flesh. We call them weaknesses and misfortunes, sometimes by so harsh a name as blunders, but we do not, in general, regard sins as crimes against God. We love to quote the words, 'God is love,' but we almost never quote the words 'Our God is consuming fire.'"

"Bartholomew, the sculptor, after

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS: All subscriptions from Southern California will be received by the Claremont office. For information address C. G. Baldwin, Claremont, Cal. The Los Angeles Association has passed a resolution to the effect that "one copy should be in every Congregational family."

telling me how he had pressed his way through trials and difficulties unnumbered, to artistic fame, explained how the palm is grown in Egypt. Just as soon as the stem appears a stone is placed upon it—a little stone, but quite as heavy as the fragile stem will bear. Hindered from growing upward, it expands itself at the base and soon throws off the weight. A second stone is laid upon it, heavier than the first, and more quickly than the former is lifted off by the palms expanding life. A third time the palm's increasing vitality is hindered. Thus it becomes a pillar of power. Anon, the wide-spreading palm branches shoot forth. Many a band of way-worn travelers shall find shelter beneath this tree. 'If I have grown at all,' said Bartholomew, 'I have grown as the palms in Egypt.' And thus have ever grown earth's noblest and best, those who have furnished shade and shelter to earth's sad and weary pilgrims."

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL NOTES.

The Union Sunday-school at Hesperia, under the lead of Mr. Grinnell, is prospering. It numbers thirty, and is a recognized power for good, and is the only religious service, now that Rev. Edwards' health does not permit him to preach.

Sunday morning, December 18th, Superintendent Case preached at Victor. A school is desired there by several parents, but no willing or capable leader was found, and so the work has to wait. An earnest Christian Endeavorer sojourning there with an invalid brother promised to talk up the matter, and, if possible, start the school another Sunday.

At Halleck the Sunday-school, led by the faithful superintendent, Bro. Anaheim, furnishes gospel food to the pastorless flock.

At Barstow a Union Sunday-school has recently been started. An Endeavorer from our First church, San Bernardino, went there to teach the public school. She secured the co-operation of three resident ladies, and the four have, with God's blessing, got the school well established. An organ and singing books have been purchased. Superintendent Case was with the school and conducted the "Review," Dec. 18th. He helps the school to "Lesson Studies" and other supplies. The same night he preached to an audience of thirty the first Protestant sermon ever heard in this place.

At Daggett a Sunday-school is carried on under Presbyterian auspices, and is sowing good seed in that otherwise religiously destitute place.

It is not known (to this writer) if there be a school at Calico. Twice it has been started under our efforts, and later by the "perseverance of the (Presbyterian) saints." But not even sagebrush can grow on the Calico mountain; there is neither soil nor moisture; and how can a Sunday-school live in such a desert?

At the Needles our school is increasing, and orders a larger list of supplies than ever. May it soon fill the new chapel to overflowing!

Many of our schools are preparing to celebrate Christmas by giving as well as receiving gifts.

## TWENTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY FIRST CHURCH, SAN BUENAVENTURA.

Twenty-five years ago, in the fall of 1867, the Congregational Home Missionary Society sent to Ventura the Rev. M. B. Starr from San Francisco. The occasion of this movement was the survey and opening up of the "Briggs Rancho," which covered an area of three by twenty miles, and extending from our cemetery up the Santa Clara valley, taking in Santa Paula. The division of this large and fertile tract promised a great increase and importance to the town of Ventura. It was with such an outlook that the Congregational Society sent Mr. Starr in '67 as the Protestant missionary in the Canada de San Buena Ventura.

The Congregational church last Sunday commemorated the twenty-third anniversary of its completed organization. For it was not till after two years of its missionary activity in the valley that, on November 21, 1869, the church was finally and formally constituted with a charter membership of nineteen.

The Sunday-school dates back seven years earlier. One Sunday in August, 1862, Mr. George S. Gilbert gathered the children of two families in Ventura, and in the shade of some willow trees held the first session of the first Protestant Sabbath-school in the township. At this time there was no church or school-building in the valley except the Catholic Mission.

Thirty years have passed, and today as we congratulate ourselves upon our good fellowship of churches and schools, we may with gratitude remember the fidelity of the few Christian pioneers.—*Ventura Unit.*

It very often happens that the man who is an iceberg in his church is a boiling spring in his politics.